

Beryl Eyer

A TOPSY TURVY CHRISTMAS



A CANTATA FOR
CHILDREN

Book by
EDNA RANDOLPH WORRELL

Music by
CLARENCE KOHLMANN

Price
25 CENTS

ADAM GEIBEL MUSIC CO.

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A TOPSY-TURVY CHRISTMAS

CHARACTERS

GRANDMA	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
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COSTUMES

GRANDMA.—Old fashioned dress, gray wig and spectacles.

PRUDENCE.—Very pretty old time dress.

PANDORA, ROY, ROB, and other children wear ordinary clothes.

GRANDMA'S HELPERS.—All alike as maids in caps and aprons.

DREAM FAIRIES.—Thin white tarletan dresses trimmed with tinsel. They carry wands.

EDUCATED CATS.—One piece pajama suits covering feet, of white canton flannel, bonnets of same with ears pointing forward. Necks are tied with ribbon with huge bow at back.

DOLLS.—May be dressed variously as Soldier, Sailor, Rag, Infant, French, etc.

SCENE—For both parts, a large room in Grandma's house.

TIME—Just before Christmas.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The Solos and Choruses may be sung independently of the cantata and many of them will be found to be excellent concert numbers. They are—" 'Tis Christmas," (Chorus). "Playing Grandma," (Solo and Chorus). "Curiosity," (Comic Chorus). "You'll Grow That Way," (Solo and Chorus). "Good Children's Dreams," (Fairy Chorus). "The Kitchen Band Parade," (Comic Chorus). "Topsy-Turvy House," (Chorus). "Topsy-Turvy March," (Instrumental). "When I Was Young," (Solo). "Weaving a Spell," (Fairy Song). "The Educated Cats," (Characteristic Chorus). "Talking Dolls," (Characteristic Chorus). "I've Got it in My Pack," (Old Kris Song). "Fairy Minuet," (Instrumental). "Scrub! Puff! Laugh!" (Ensemble Chorus).

A Topsy-Turvy Christmas.

INTRODUCTION.

The musical score is written for piano in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The introduction consists of several measures of music, including a section marked *Allegro.* and another marked *Gracefully.* The *Allegro.* section is in 2/4 time and features a more active melody. The *Gracefully.* section returns to 3/4 time and features a more lyrical melody. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Allegro.

Gracefully.

(Curtain rises on Pandora, Roy, Robb and other guests in a pretty group. They sing opening chorus.)

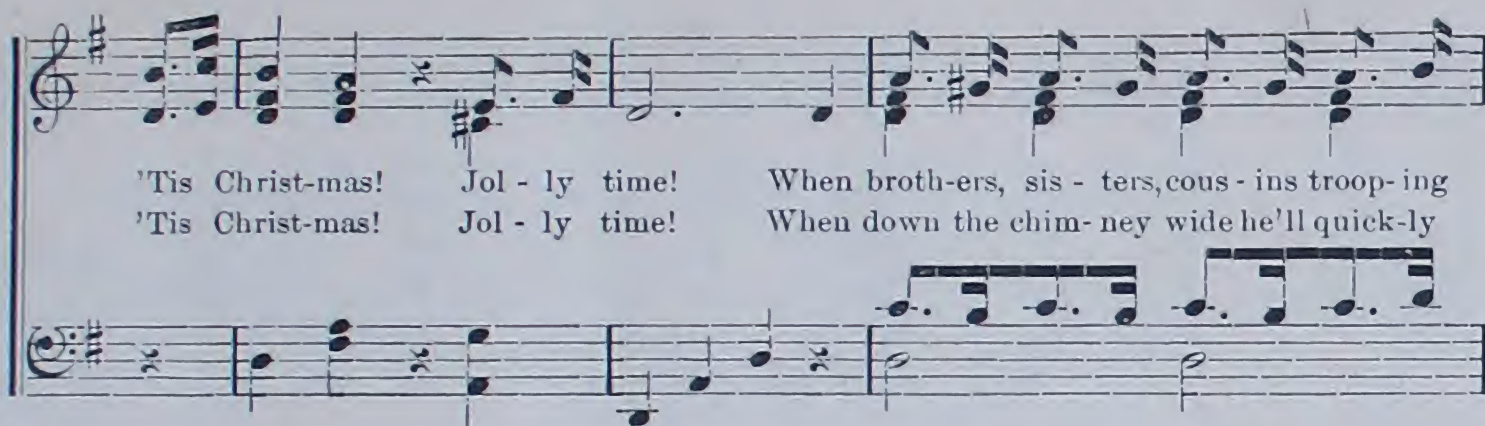
No. 2. Opening Chorus—'Tis Christmas.

1. Which is the sea - son of the year that chil - dren love the best? 'Tis Christmas!

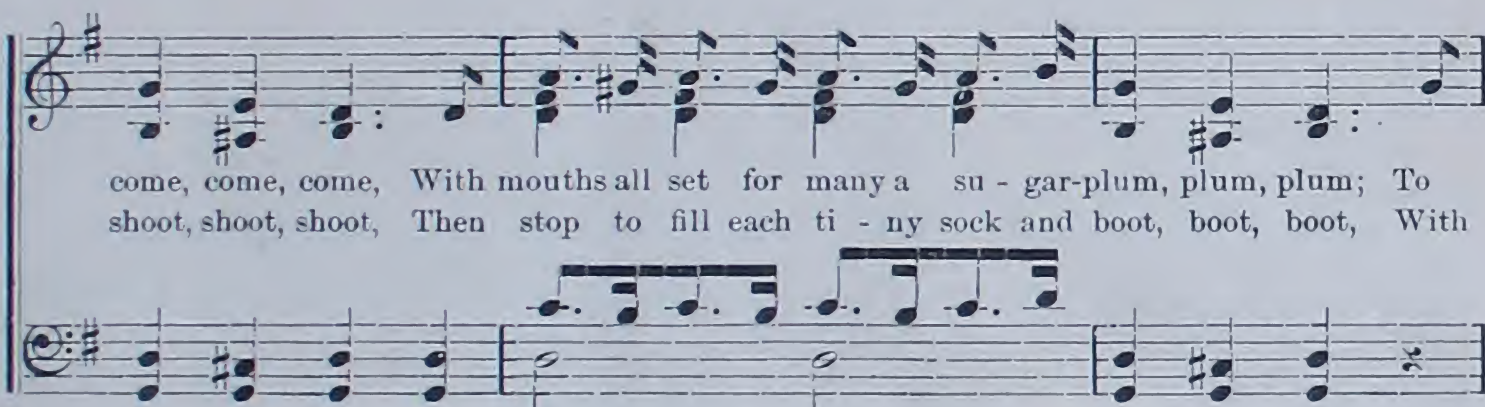
2. Which is the night of all the year that chil - dren nev - er sleep? 'Tis Christmas!

Mer - ry Christmas! When ev - 'ry lit - tle boy and girl is some dear grandma's guest?

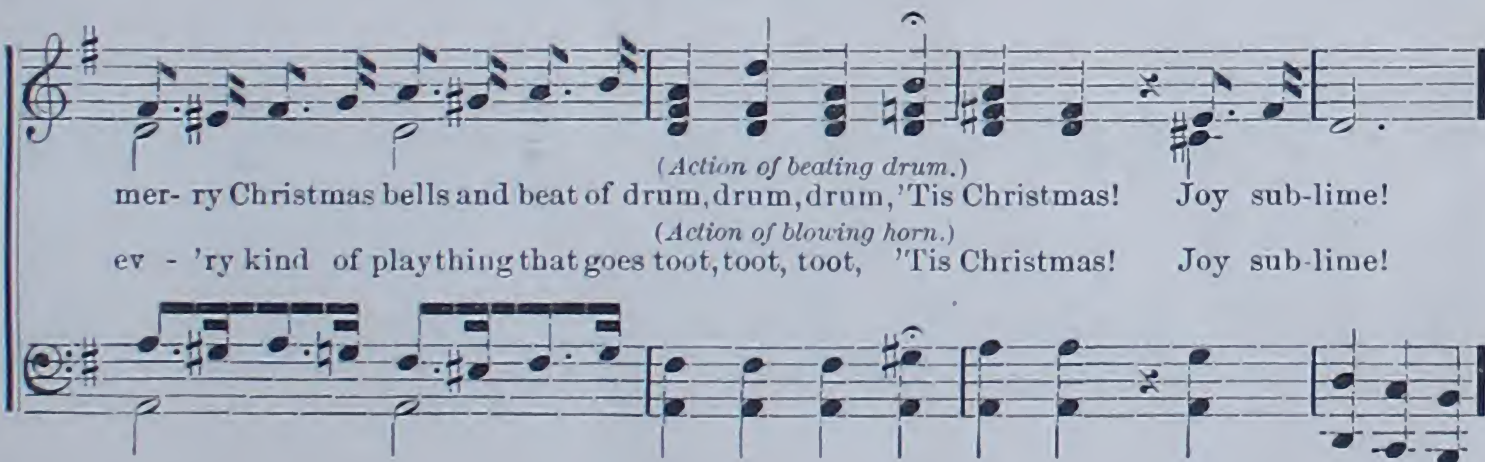
Mer - ry Christmas! When blinking eyes at good St. Nick would like to have a peep?



'Tis Christ-mas! Jol - ly time! When broth-ers, sis - ters, cous - ins troop - ing
'Tis Christ-mas! Jol - ly time! When down the chim - ney wide he'll quick - ly

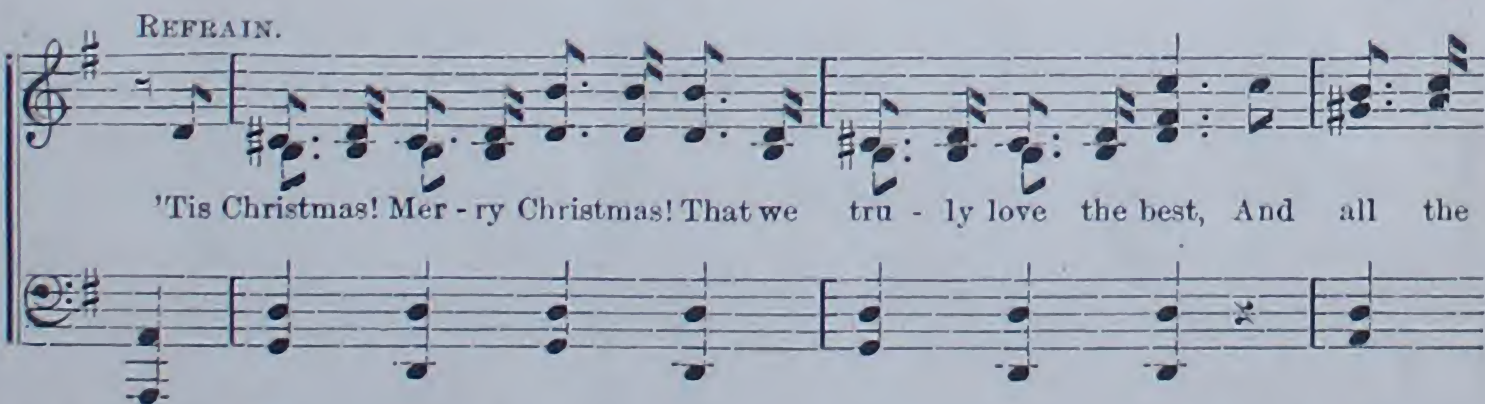


come, come, come, With mouths all set for many a su - gar-plum, plum, plum; To
shoot, shoot, shoot, Then stop to fill each ti - ny sock and boot, boot, boot, With

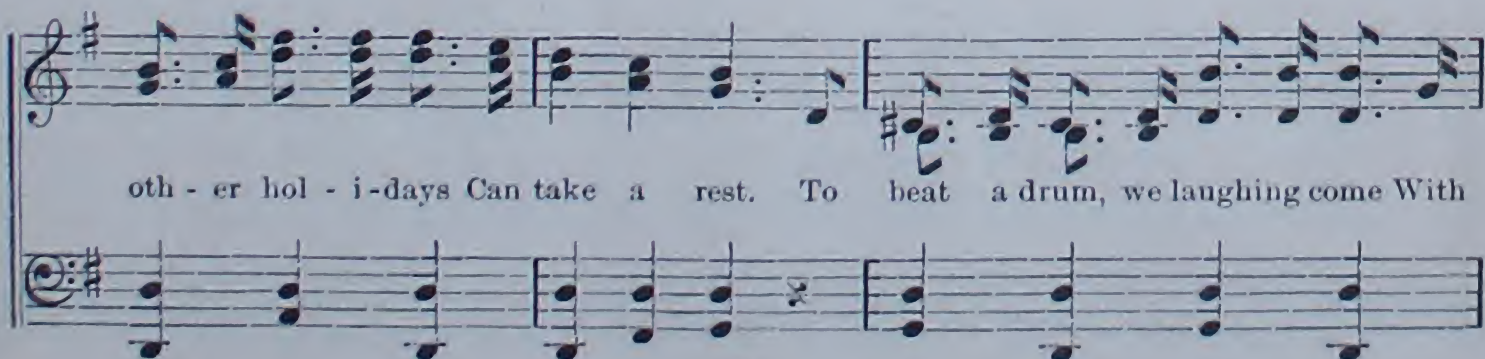


(Action of beating drum.)
mer - ry Christmas bells and beat of drum, drum, drum, 'Tis Christmas! Joy sub-lime!
(Action of blowing horn.)
ev - 'ry kind of plaything that goes toot, toot, toot, 'Tis Christmas! Joy sub-lime!

REFRAIN.



'Tis Christmas! Mer - ry Christmas! That we tru - ly love the best, And all the



oth - er hol - i - days Can take a rest. To beat a drum, we laughing come With

toot of trum-pet too; We'd like the day to last so gay The whole day thro'.

ROY (*after song*). Well, we've hurrahed for Christmas, now let's hurrah for Grandma's house; it's the jolliest place I ever struck!

ROBB.—I think it is, too. Here goes, one, two, three.

ALL (*waving handkerchiefs*).—Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

PANDORA.—Grandma certainly does let us do lots of things.

ROY.—You bet! We're going to chop our own Christmas tree down after a while.

ROBB.—And stay up half the night to trim it, too. Won't that be great!

PANDORA.—We did that last year. I'd like to think up something brand new. (*Sits to one side in thinking attitude.*)

PRUDENCE (*entering with a rush*). Just see what Grandma has been letting me do! Isn't this dress a darling! I've had it on all the morning, playing I was Grandma when she was young. I've had the grandest time! (*Sings "Playing Grandma," with appropriate gestures. All but Pandora join in chorus.*)

No. 3. Playing Grandma.

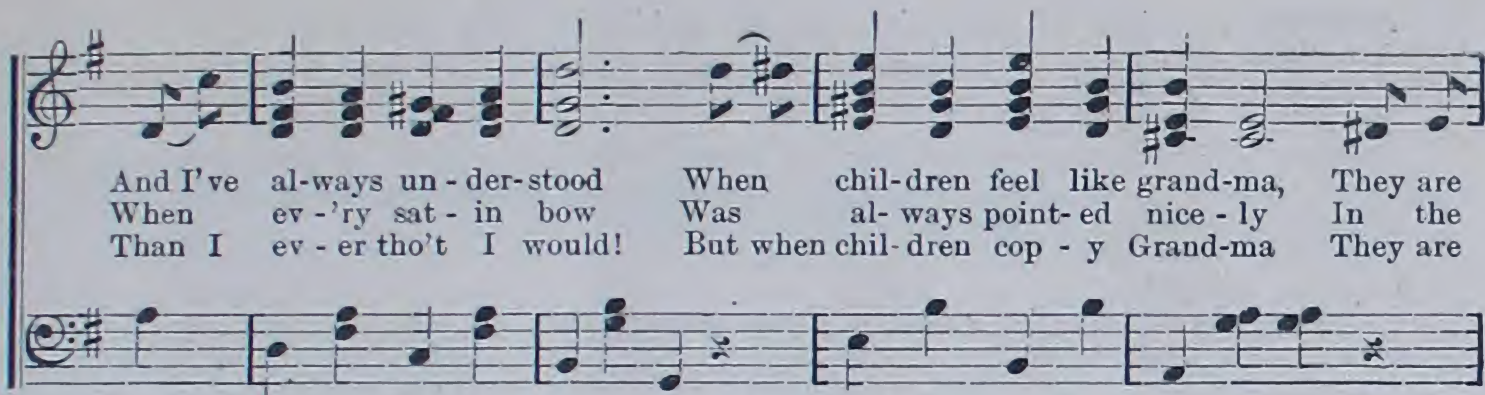
Moderato.

INTRO.

1. When I play that I am
2. When I play that I am
3. When I play that I am

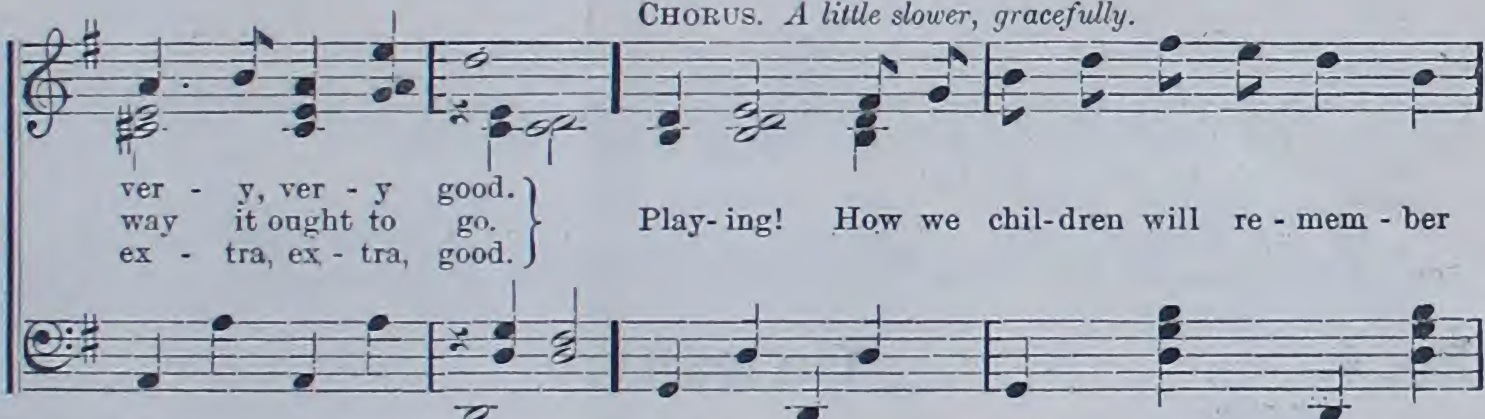
Grand-ma And her pret - ty gowns I try And I comb my tress - es
Grand-ma And her daint - y pomps I wear, Then my feet are some - how
Grand-ma And I tie be - neath my chin, The dear lit - tle cas - ing

quaint-ly In a fash - ion long gone by, I am sure I feel as she did,
fleet - er And my fan - cy treads the air, And it car - ries me to old days,
bon - net That she went to meet - ing in, Why I real - ly act much bet - ter

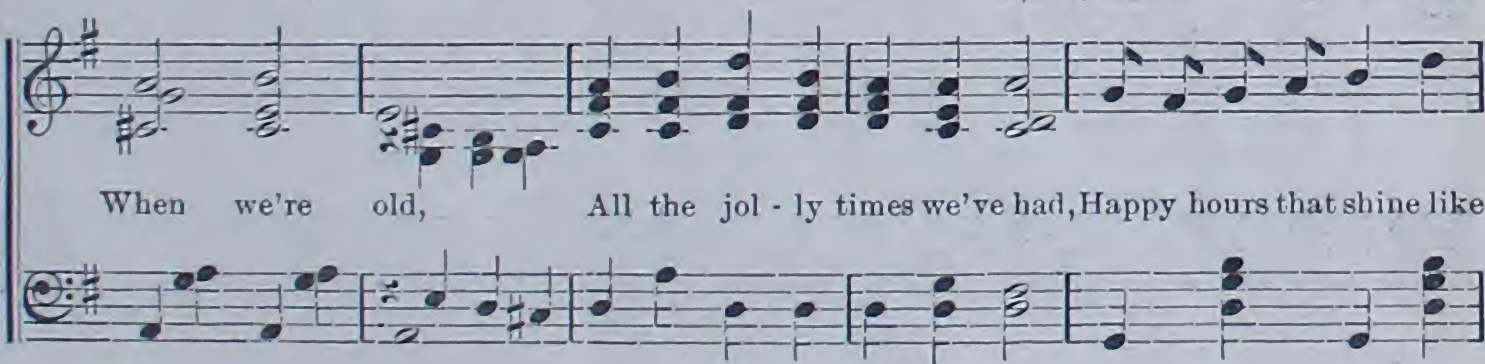


And I've al-ways un-der-stood When chil-dren feel like grand-ma, They are
 When ev-'ry sat-in bow Was al-ways point-ed nice-ly In the
 Than I ev-er tho't I would! But when chil-dren cop-y Grand-ma They are

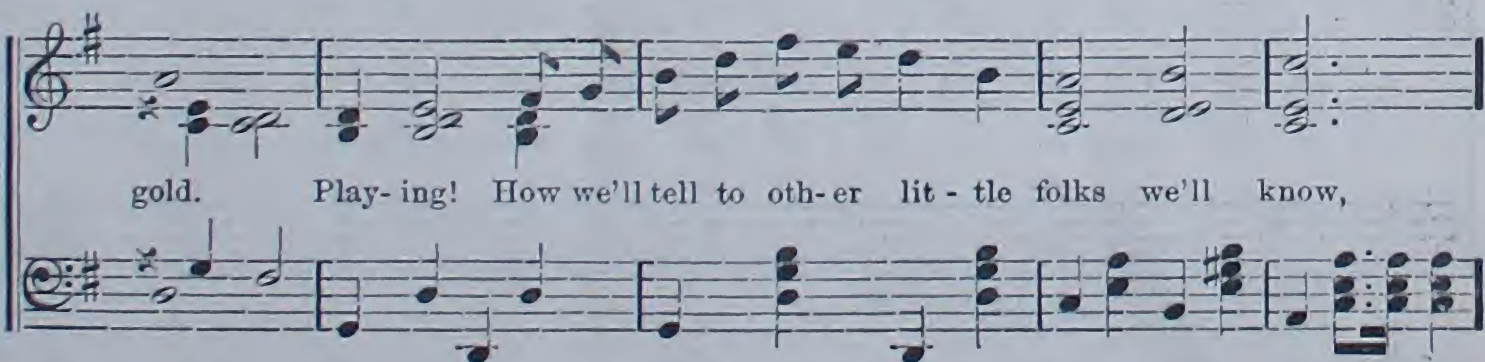
CHORUS. *A little slower, gracefully.*



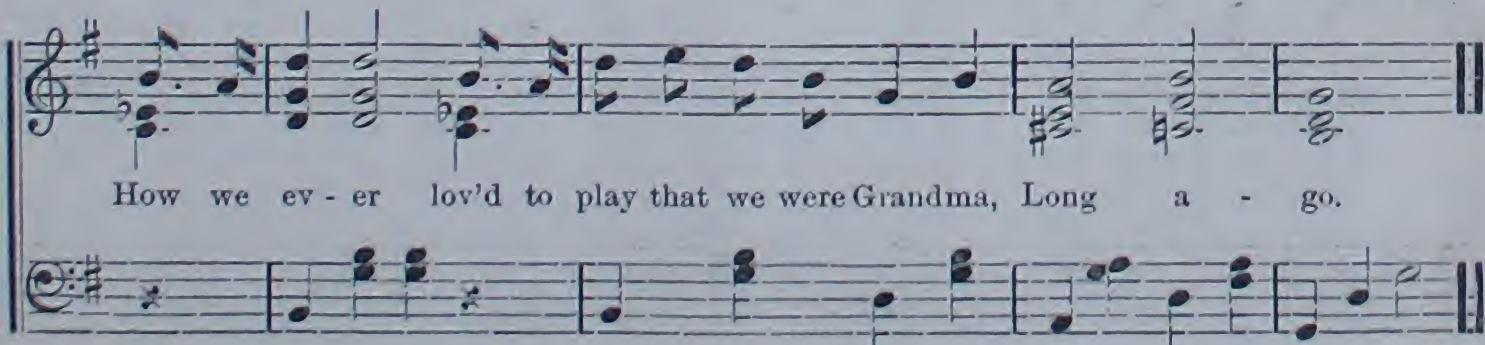
ver - y, ver - y good. }
 way it ought to go. } Play-ing! How we chil-dren will re-mem-ber
 ex - tra, ex - tra, good. }



When we're old, All the jol-ly times we've had, Happy hours that shine like



gold. Play-ing! How we'll tell to oth-er lit-tle folks we'll know,



How we ev-er lov'd to play that we were Grandma, Long a - go.

PANDORA (at close of song, jumping up suddenly).—I've got it!

ALL.—Got what?

PANDORA.—An idea!

PRUDENCE.—What about?

PANDORA.—Something new to play, of course. Dressing up is all very well, but we've done that hundreds of times. Now I've thought of something we've never done yet.

OTHERS (crowding around her).—What is it?

PANDORA.—You won't tell?

OTHERS.—Nope!

PANDORA.—Well, it's the game of—you promise not to tell?

OTHERS.—Honest Injun!

PANDORA.—Listen, then; it's the game of f-i-n-d—sure you won't tell?

OTHERS.—Honest truly, black and bluely!

PANDORA.—Well, then, it's the game of Finding Things.

ROB.—What's that anyhow?

PANDORA.—Why, it's looking around to see what you can find. It's lots of fun! There have been so many strange noises in the house and so many queer bundles brought in that vanish right away, that I believe (*continues in awed whisper, finger on lips*) that Kris has been here and left our things before Christmas!

ROY.—Let's go see if he has.

OTHERS.—O, yes, let's!

(All but Prudence sing "Curiosity." Chorus should be acted out, according to suggestion of words. On "bump," children tap heads with fists, pausing after the word.)

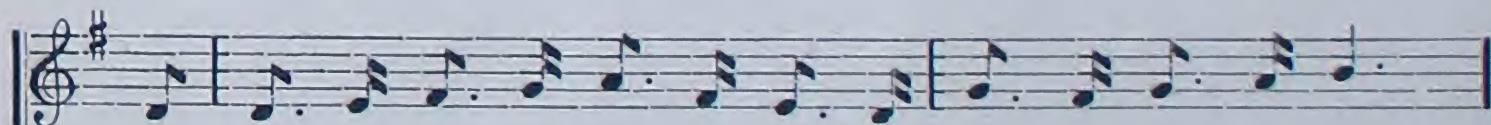
No. 4.

Curiosity.

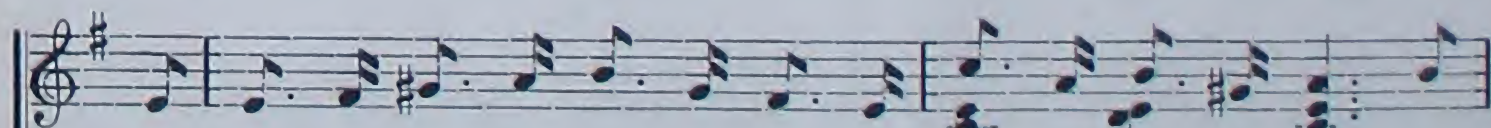
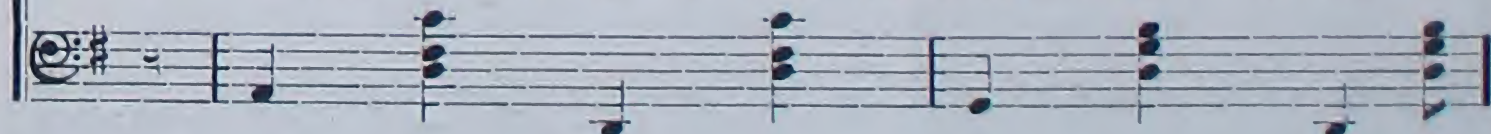
Moderato.



1. O yes it will be lots of fun, To hunt for Christ-mas toys,
2. We'll fol - low ev - 'ry clue we find, And hunt for fair - y threads
3. We'll have to bend like rub - ber dolls, And thrust our-selves a - bout,



That we are sure are in the house, For all the girls and boys!
Of glist'ning tin - sel, lead - ing on For box - es un - der beds
And do some ac - ro - bat - ic feats, Lest folks should find us out.



Of course we're told it's not po - lite To pry a - bout and peek, But
We'll strain our eyes for ev - 'ry sound, That se - crets give a - way; So
But lift - ing cov - ers, tilt - ing beds, And search - ing cup-boards tall Will



(Spoken.)

if our things are real - ly here We can - not wait a week. So we'll be
 let the fun be - gin at once We can - not wait a day. And we'll be
 soon dis - close our toys, if here, So let's not wait at all. And we'll be

REFRAIN. (With appropriate gestures.)
 Somewhat slower.

Scrooch-ing down and scamb-ling up, And cran - ing necks to see, And

list - 'ning sly - ly back of doors, While smoth'ring screams of glee; For

here and there and ev - 'ry-where, As busy as bees we'll be; And

all be - cause we have the bump Of Cu - ri - os - i - ty.

* Children shake heads on accented words.

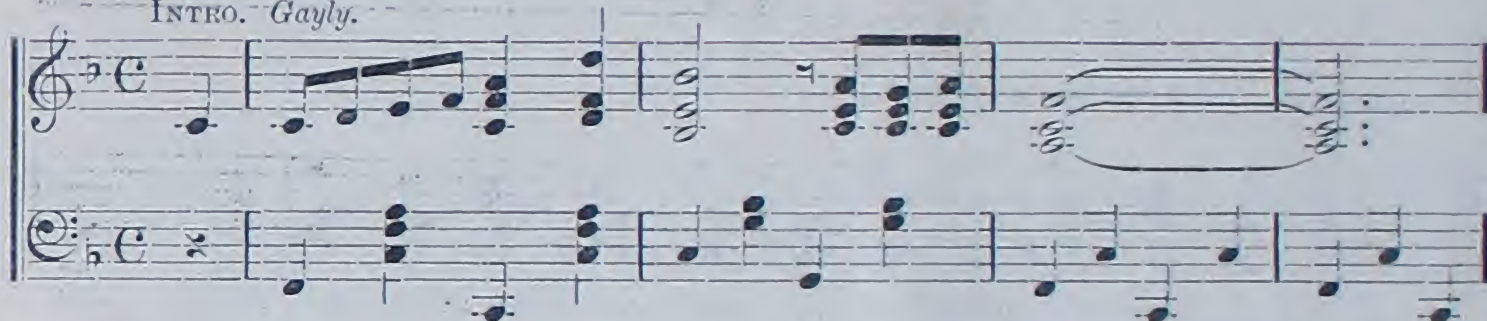
PRUDENCE.—I don't believe Grandma would like us to do that.

PANDORA.—She won't care.

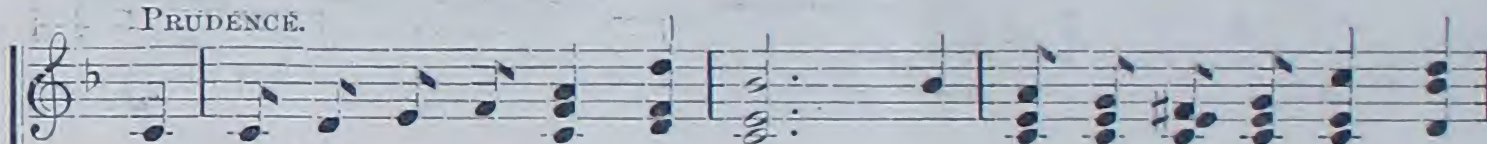
PRUDENCE.—Yes, she will too; besides, you might grow that way. (*Sings "You'll Grow That Way," others, joining on lines indicated. On "Ha! Ha! Ha!" children should put hands on hips and throw heads back. Pandora leads them off at end of song.*)

No. 5. You'll Grow that Way.

INTRO. *Gayly.*



PRUDENCE.



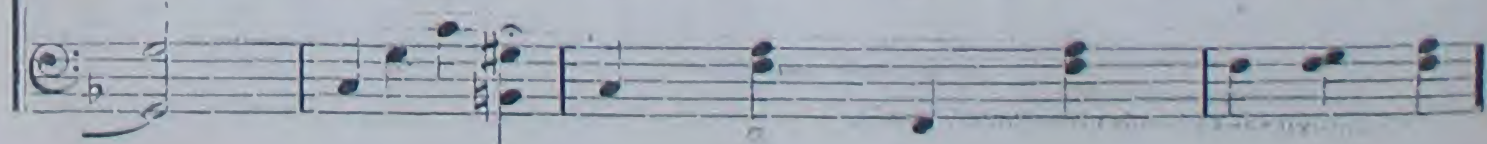
- | | |
|------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. You'd bet - ter not, you'll grow that way," | Is what the old folks al - ways |
| 2. To spy - a - bout is ver - y bold: | 'Tis best to look the way we're |
| 3. There's such a thing you'll all a - gree | As too much cu - ri - os - i - |



say	When chil-dren twist and turn a - skew	In ways they weren't
told,	For eyes that roam a - bout in - stead	Some-times get tan - gled
ty.	So bet - ter mind what you're a - bout	Be - fore it turns you



meant to do.	Now wouldn't it be aw - ful when you tried to hear,
in one's head.	Now wouldn't it be aw - ful if too much you spied,
wrong side out.	Now wouldn't it be sad to hear the old folks say—



CHORUS.

To find that ev - 'ry one had grown a great long ear! Ha! ha! ha!
 To find that ev - 'ry one of you had grown cross - eyed! Ha! ha! ha!
 "I told you so," if a - ny of you grew that way! Ha! ha! ha!

Wouldn't it be queer To find that ev - 'ry one had grown a great long ear!
 If it should be - tide, How fun - ny it would be if we were all cross - eyed!
 Let us not de - lay, We might as well find out if we will grow that way!

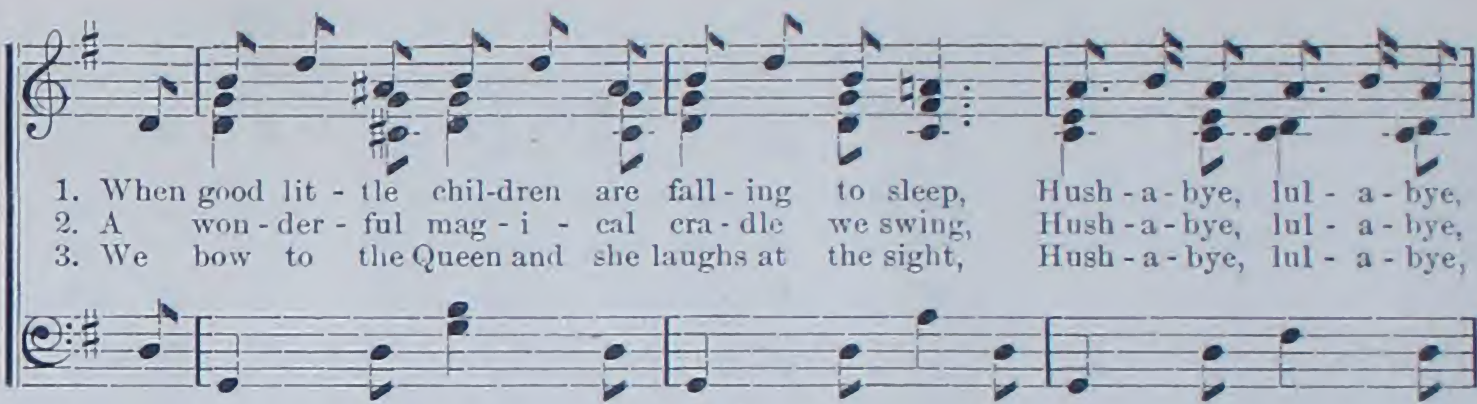
PRUDENCE (*sitting center on prettily draped chair*).—I hope nothing will happen to them. I wouldn't go with them for worlds; not in these clothes anyhow. I just feel so good! but, oh, so tired. I think I'll rest here a little while and then—I'll—go—
(Prudence falls asleep before finishing. Lights are turned low and Fairies enter from opposite sides of platform to music of "Good Children's Dreams," moving arms as if flying. They sing first verse standing in a V-shaped figure, with Prudence at the point. On "Hush-a-bye," etc., arms swing rhythmically from side to side. In second stanza Fairies step in time to music and form a group back of Prudence, and on the word "Queen" the central Fairy places a crown on her head. In third stanza Fairies "bow" on the word, Prudence waking and clapping her hands on "laugh." Forming a circle, they then step forward and backward toward throne, then, breaking, they again form two lines and step off softly as verse is concluded. In refrain, nod heads forward and backward on first line and from side to side on second, repeating these motions when words again occur. On "rest little heads so," rest cheek against folded hands. After third verse, refrain may be sung from behind scenes. Prudence again sleeps as curtain falls, music being very softly played.)

(Colored lights on the scene will make it very effective.)

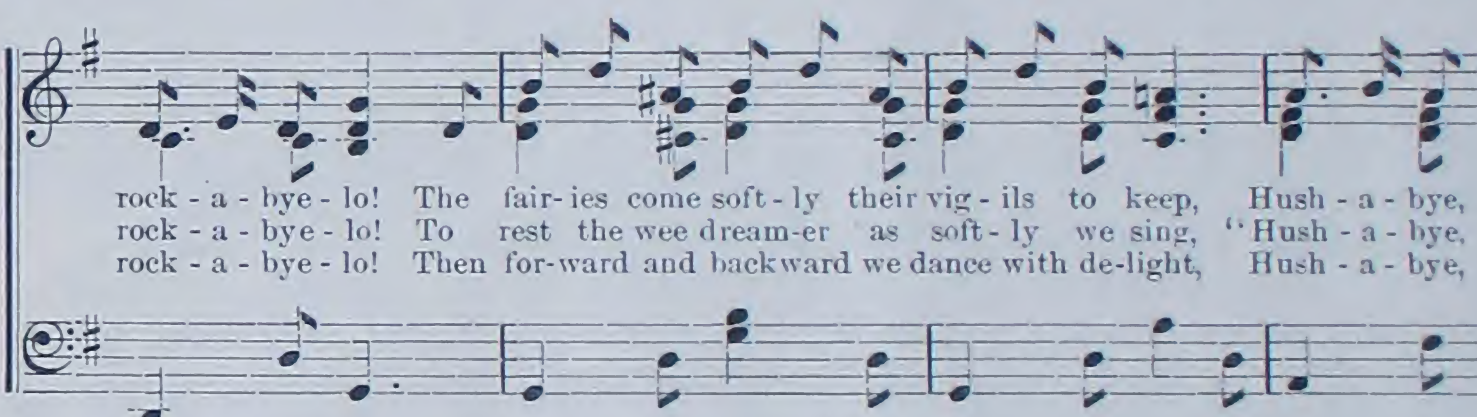
No. 6. Good Children's Dreams.

Dreamily.

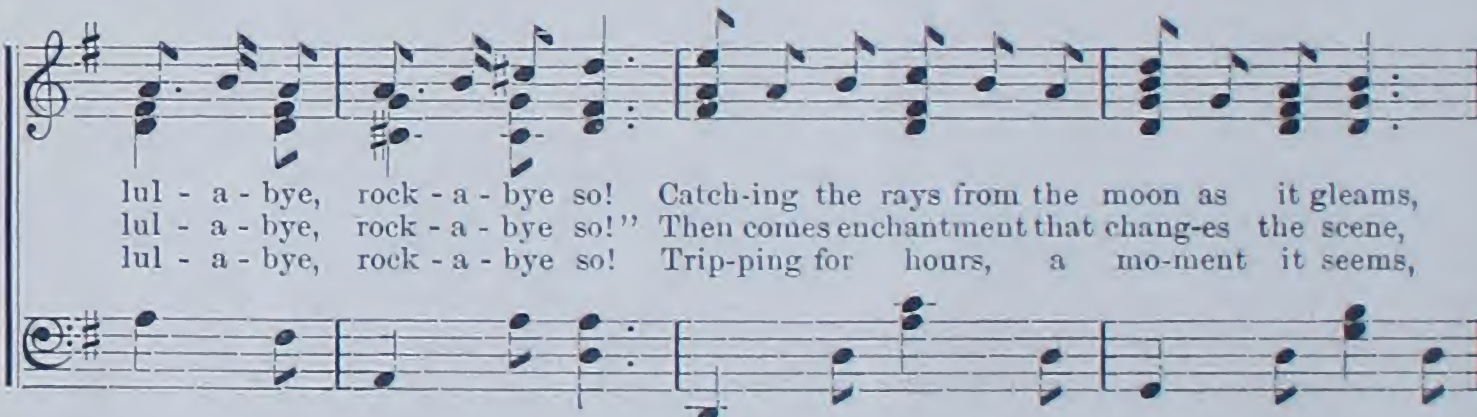
INTRO.



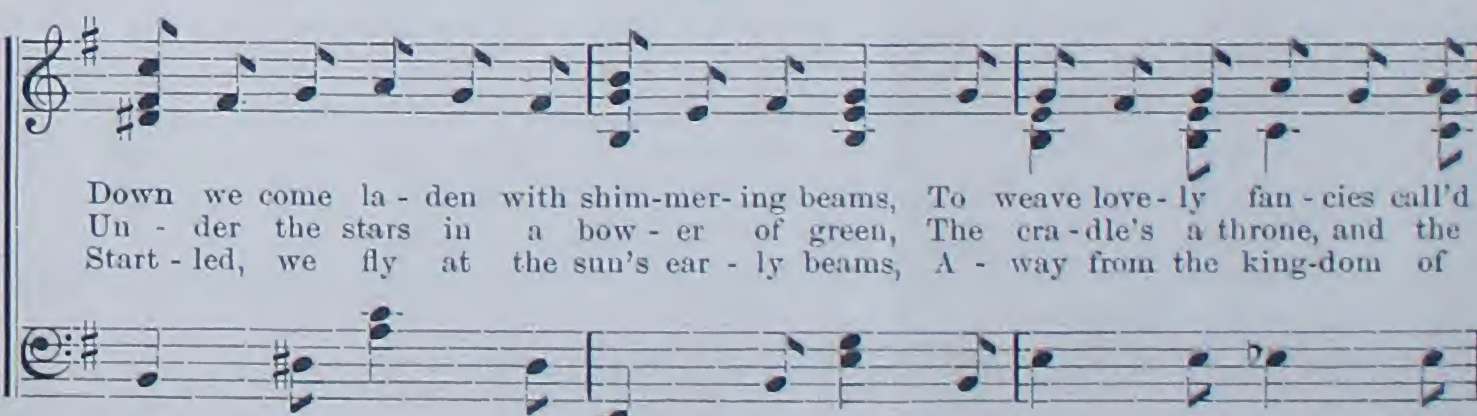
1. When good lit - tle chil-dren are fall - ing to sleep, Hush - a - bye, lul - a - bye,
 2. A won - der - ful mag - i - cal cra - dle we swing, Hush - a - bye, lul - a - bye,
 3. We bow to the Queen and she laughs at the sight, Hush - a - bye, lul - a - bye,



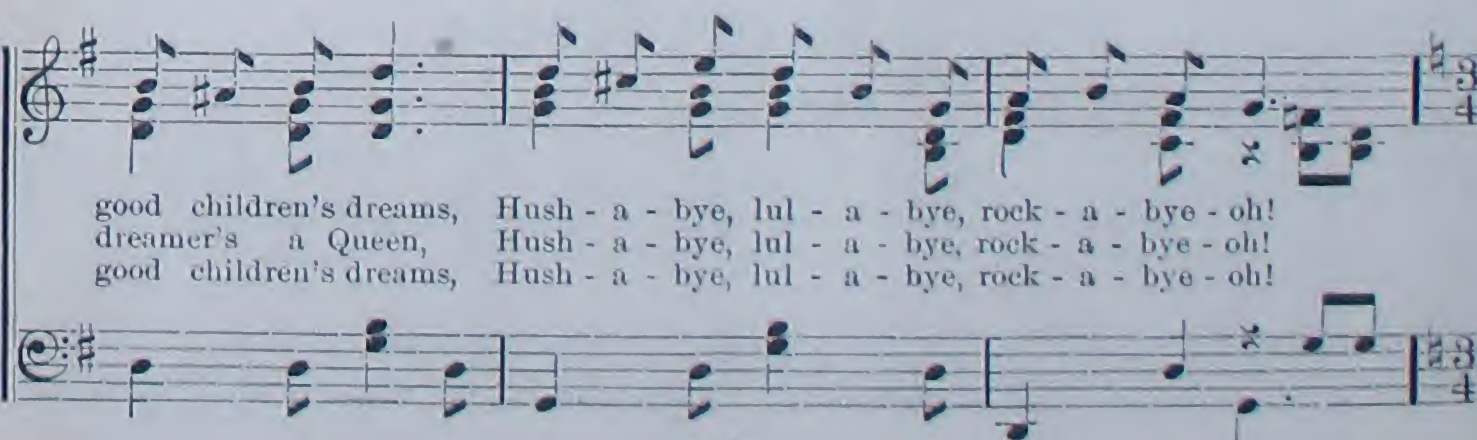
rock - a - bye - lo! The fair - ies come soft - ly their vig - ils to keep, Hush - a - bye,
 rock - a - bye - lo! To rest the wee dream - er as soft - ly we sing, 'Hush - a - bye,
 rock - a - bye - lo! Then for - ward and backward we dance with de - light, Hush - a - bye,



lul - a - bye, rock - a - bye so! Catch - ing the rays from the moon as it gleams,
 lul - a - bye, rock - a - bye so! Then comes enchantment that chang - es the scene,
 lul - a - bye, rock - a - bye so! Trip - ping for hours, a mo - ment it seems,



Down we come la - den with shim - mer - ing beams, To weave love - ly fan - cies call'd
 Un - der the stars in a bow - er of green, The cra - dle's a throne, and the
 Start - led, we fly at the sun's ear - ly beams, A - way from the king - dom of



good children's dreams, Hush - a - bye, lul - a - bye, rock - a - bye - oh!
 dreamer's a Queen, Hush - a - bye, lul - a - bye, rock - a - bye - oh!
 good children's dreams, Hush - a - bye, lul - a - bye, rock - a - bye - oh!

REFRAIN. *Tempo di Valse. Lento.*

When eyes blink ver - y slow, When heads

nod to and fro, Once, twice, be read - y to go Off in - to

dreamland where good chil-dren grow. When eyes blink ver - y

slow, When heads nod to and fro, Best

rest..... lit - tle heads so! Hush - a - bye, lul - a - bye, rock - a - bye-oh!

(End of Part I.)

PART II.

(Scene the same as Part I. Curain rises on Prudence, still sleeping. Enter Grandma.)

GRANDMA.—Wake up, dear, I want you to do something for me.

PRUDENCE (rubbing her eyes).—Oh, Grandma, I have had the loveliest dream! It was all about Fairies.

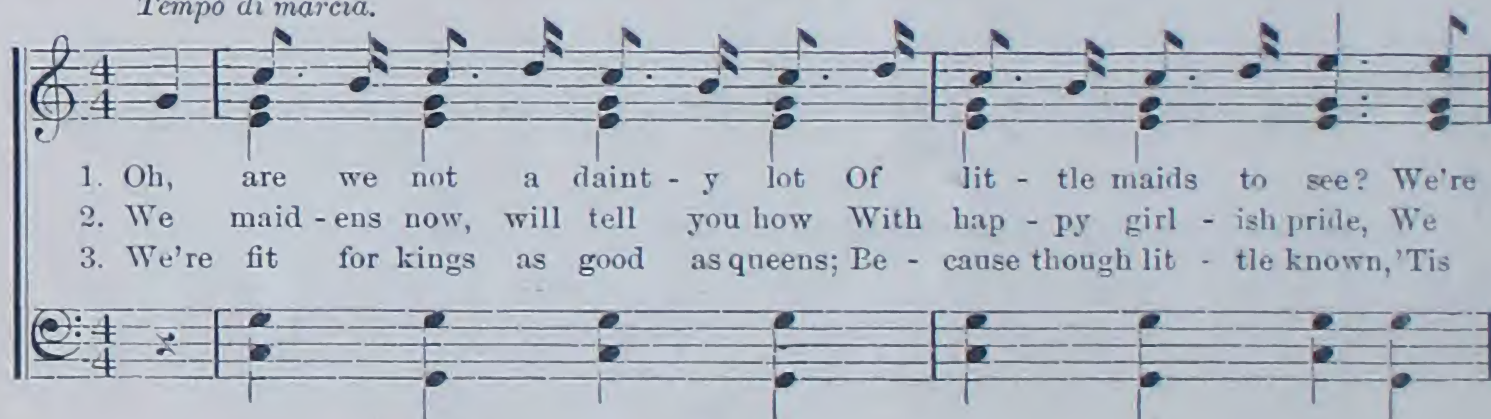
GRANDMA.—You may tell me about it after a while. Run downstairs now and tell all my little helpers in the kitchen to come up right away. I want to give final directions for Christmas.

PRUDENCE.—Yes, Grandma. (Runs off.)

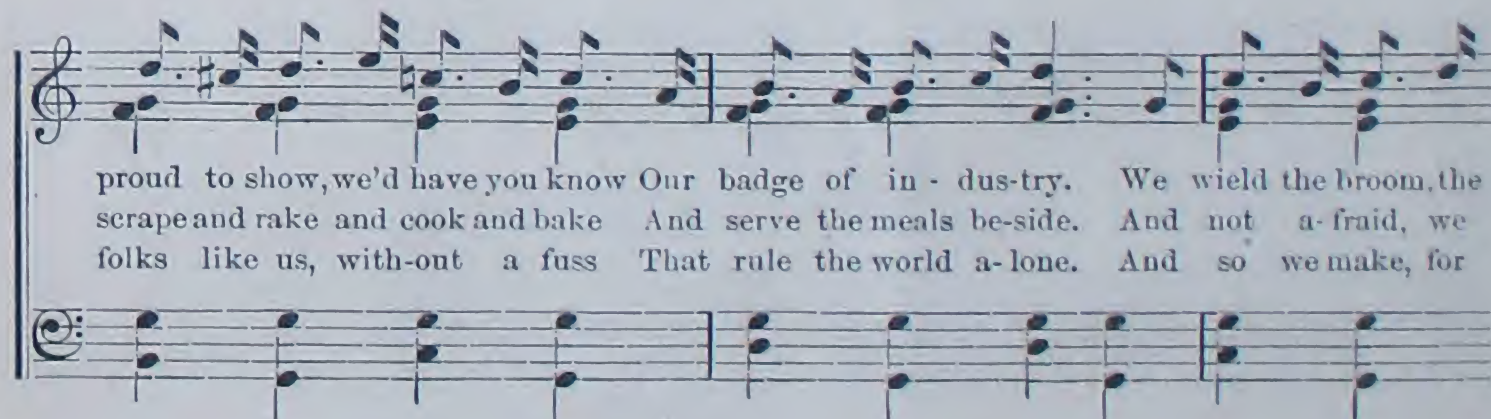
GRANDMA (taking out list).—Let me see! I wonder if I have everything down. I must get five more bushels of fruit for the cake, and enough mincemeat for a hundred pies, at least. Then there is the holly and the mistletoe. Young folks can't get along without mistletoe, at least they couldn't in my girlhood. What's this? (Scrutinizing list.) Oh, yes, the mantles; they must be cleared for the stockings, and the chimney must be fixed so that Kris—oh, here you are! (Enter Helpers.) (They have cooking utensils slung over shoulder, like drums, on which they tap in time as they enter with soldier-like precision, with forks, knives or spoons. Grandma sits to one side, while Helpers line up and sing "The Kitchen Band Parade." After song they stand opposite Grandma, facing her.)

No. 7. Kitchen Band Parade.

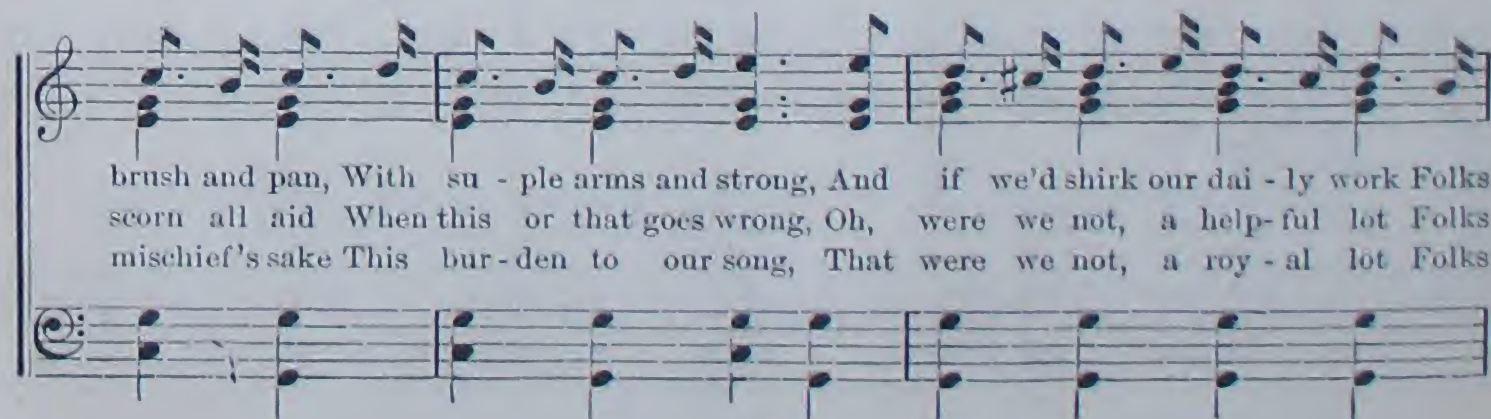
Tempo di marcia.



1. Oh, are we not a daint - y lot Of lit - tle maids to see? We're
2. We maid - ens now, will tell you how With hap - py girl - ish pride, We
3. We're fit for kings as good as queens; Be - cause though lit - tle known, 'Tis



proud to show, we'd have you know Our badge of in - dus - try. We wield the broom, the
scrape and rake and cook and bake And serve the meals be - side. And not a - afraid, we
folks like us, with - out a fuss That rule the world a - lone. And so we make, for



brush and pan, With su - ple arms and strong, And if we'd shirk our dai - ly work Folks
scorn all aid When this or that goes wrong, Oh, were we not, a help - ful lot Folks
mischief's sake This bur - den to our song, That were we not, a roy - al lot Folks

* CHORUS. *Slow, march tempo.*

could not get a-long. So ev-'ry maid is on pa-rade In'

Bass sempre staccato.

cap and a-pron white. And girls and boys With shout and noise Turn out to see the

sight. Our Kitchen Band We think quite grand Of pans and dish-es made. The

ket-tle drum Goes rum-dum-dum, When ear-ried on pa-rade. rade.

* Tap pans lightly on first beat of each measure. Roll, if possible, on words "rum-dum-dum, or give each word a tap, ending with heavy beat on last syllable of "parade."

GRANDMA.—What fine little Helpers you are! I'm so glad to have you with me, now that we have so much company in the house, for I am sure you can do everything beautifully. You have a place for everything and everything in its place, haven't you?

HELPERS.—No, ma'am.

GRANDMA.—The brooms and brushes are in the closet, aren't they?

HELPERS.—No, ma'am.

GRANDMA.—Aren't the dishes in the cupboard?

HELPERS.—No, ma'am.

GRANDMA (*excitedly*).—Isn't the silver on the sideboard?

HELPERS.—No, ma'am.

GRANDMA.—Tell me, quick, what has happened to everything, or I shall faint.

(Helpers sing "Topsy-Turvey House.")

No. 8.

Topsy-Turvy House.

Tempo di Schottische.

INTRO.

1. 'Tis a ter - ri - ble top - sy - tur - vy house, dear Grand - ma we are in! No
 2. 'Tis a ter - ri - ble top - sy - tur - vy house, where no - one ev - er finds A

lon - ger can we stand its strange con - fu - sion or its din! There's
 thing that's lost, and now we fear that soon we'll lose our minds. The

pant - ing in the pan - try, and there's hauling in the hall, And when you go to
 laun - dress' needs are pressing, and the cook is in the stew, The wait - ress sits a

find the cause there's nothing there at all. The pict - ures and the fur - ni - ture have
 wait - ing for she's noth - ing else to do. The gard'ner stands a - round and guards, the

all been mov'd a-bout, While box-es, chests and ta-ble-draw'rs have all been emp-tied out.
but-ler butts the air, The coachman and the schauffeur they are driv-en to de-spair!

'Tis a ter-ri-ble top-sy-tur-vy house, dear Grand-ma we are in, No
'Tis a ter-ri-ble top-sy-tur-vy house, and it is sad, but true That

CHORUS. *Tempo di Gavotte.*

lon-ger can we stand its strange con-fu-sion or its din. Re-gret-ting much to
(*Very slow with emphasis.*) *Second time, wiping eyes on aprons.*
ev-'ry sin-gle child but us, is top-sy-tur-vy too. Re-gret-ting, etc.

grieve you, Dear Grandma we must leave you, Be-cause we can't de-ceive you When

speak-ing face to face. So now all presents scorning, We give you time-ly

rit.

warn-ing, That each by Christmas morn - ing Will sure-ly leave this place.

GRANDMA (after song).—This is too much! (She appears to faint, and Helpers fan her with forks and spoons.)

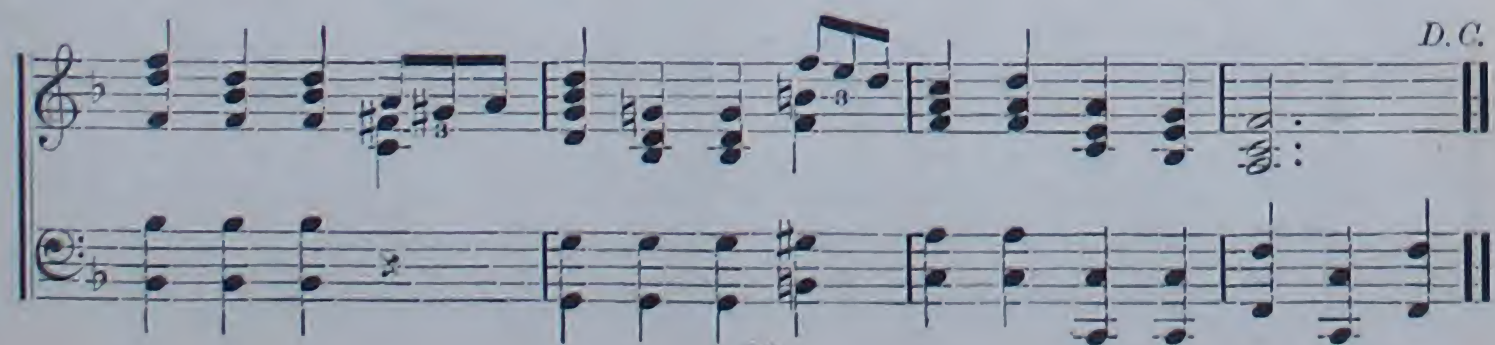
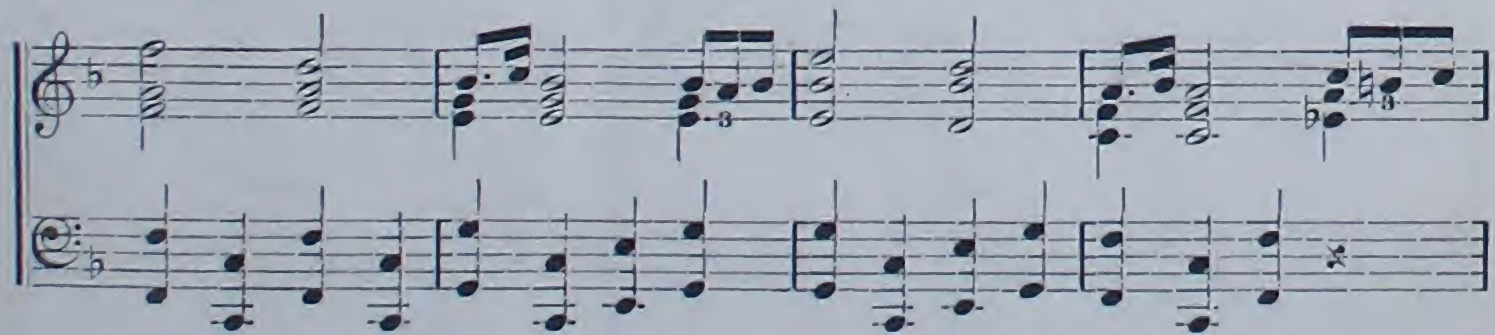
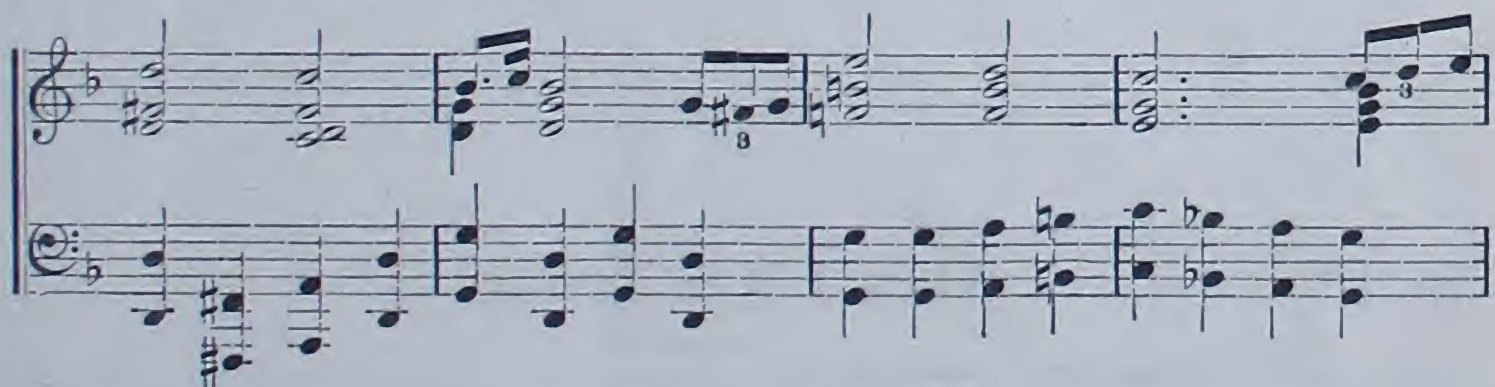
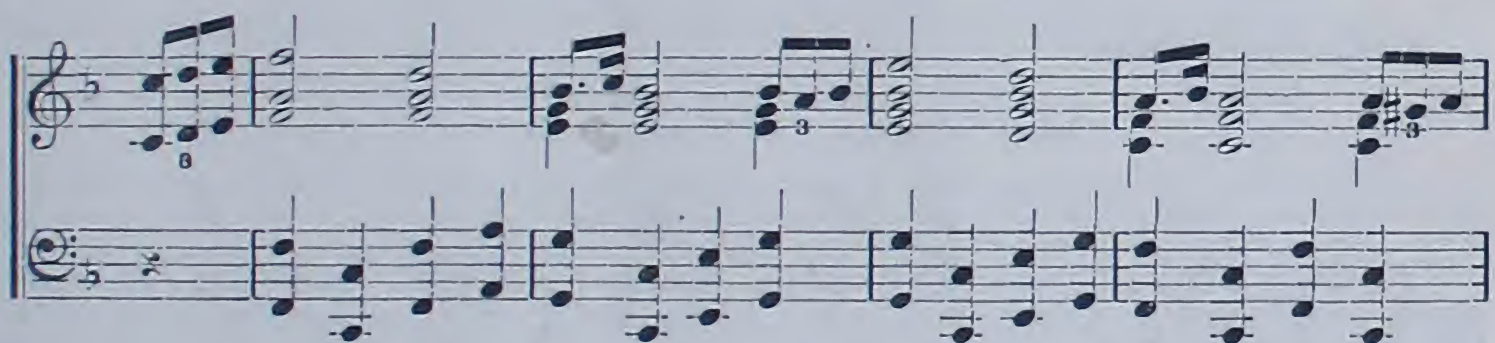
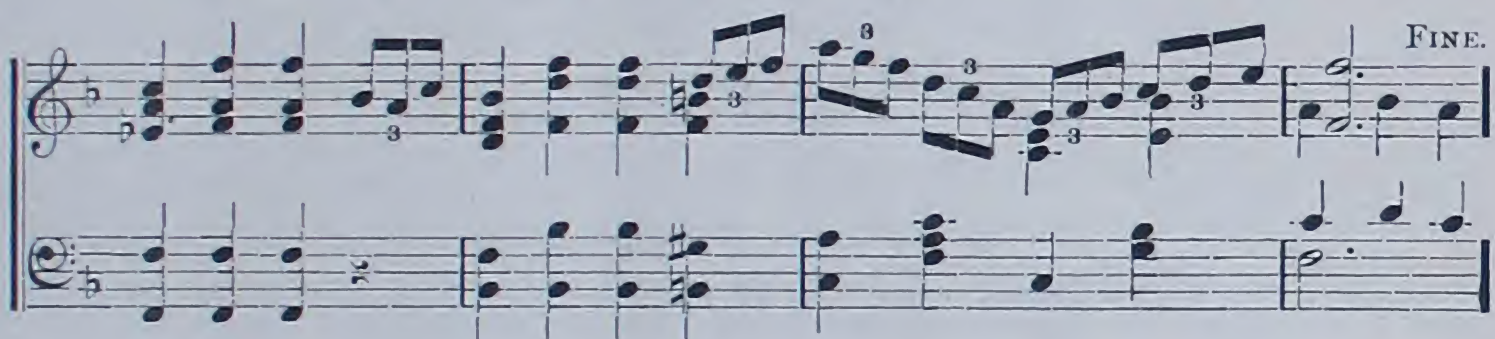
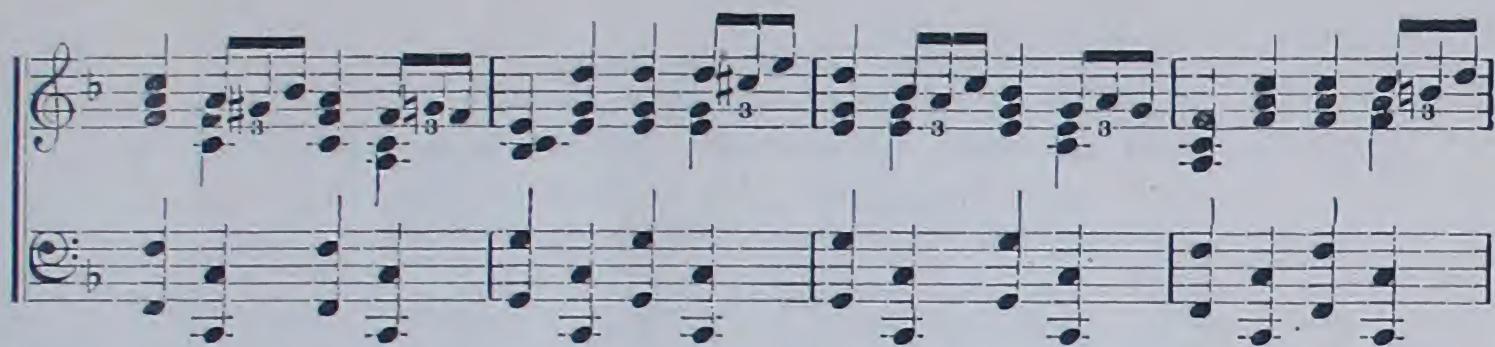
PRUDENCE (who has crept in and has been standing at Grandma's side).—Grandma, dear, don't feel so bad. It's just this way. You see all the children, except me, thought it would be fun to hunt for Christmas presents. They imagined that Kris had come too soon, and, of course, they mixed things up while they were hunting. That's all. I told them if they got too curious they'd grow that way, and they have; but if they're good I would think they'd grow right again, wouldn't you?

GRANDMA.—I don't know, child. I'll have to see them first. Here they are now.

(Enter children, "Topsy-Turvy" march. In the interval after their exit all the children's clothes should have been put on backward. Girls' hair should be combed over faces and tied with ribbons, and masks tied on back of heads. Hats will conceal the top of the masks. The boys should also wear masks on back of heads, and thin hats or caps, with holes for breathing and seeing, should be worn over faces. This will give all the children the appearance of walking the wrong way. They enter in single file and march once around the platform. Reaching front center, they march straight to back of platform, where they divide right and left, forming two lines. Lines march separately to front center, and, as leaders meet, they bow and march together toward back. Other couples do the same. At back, first couple clasp hands, allowing others to pass under the bridge as they move toward the front. Each couple does same on reaching the back. This figure should be executed twice, when all take hands and march in a ring. Marching half-way around, they bow, then, reversing their hands so they will be walking with backs toward center, they continue the ring until circle is completed, when they bow again. After this they follow one of their number, who leads them in a winding march, ending in a semicircle. As they stand, children's backs are really to audience, though their faces, which are only masks, appear to be. They take various grotesque attitudes.)

No. 9. Topsy-Turvy March.

Tempo di marcia.



GRANDMA (*inspecting the group*).—

I really don't know what to do,
They're all aslant and quite askew!

(*Taking each one separately and turning it around, she continues.*)

Poor thing! She tried to brush her hair,
Instead she's brushed her shoes with care.

Your feet have got a wayward spell,
And how they'll act 'tis hard to tell;
I'm sure that when you go to play
They'll carry you the other way.

If this child isn't put to bed,
He'll soon be standing on his head.

You really are an awful mess!

But this one's just as bad, I guess.

How curious it is to see
Your heels where just your toes should be.
You've chased yourself around and 'round
And yet your toes cannot be found.

(*Child spins 'round.*)

You have a look about your face
As if, somehow, 'twas out of place.

What shall I do! The sight of you
Just makes me topsy-turvy, too!

PRUDENCE.—Don't be worried, Grandma. I'm sure they'll all come right. (*To children*) You're awfully sorry, aren't you? (*They nod.*) And you'll never do it again, will you? (*They all raise right hand.*) You see, Grandma, they are all good once more, and I'm sure when they go to sleep the Dream Fairies will come and make them look the same as ever.

GRANDMA.—That's all very well, but—(*Sings "When I Was Young." Children stand very still in grotesque attitudes during song. Helpers line up, right and left, and act chorus as directed. They remain pointing while children march off. Children make low bows to Grandma as they pass her, by throwing hands over heads and trying to touch tips of shoes with fingers. Grandma cries and wrings her hands as last one exits.*)

No. 10.

When I Was Young.

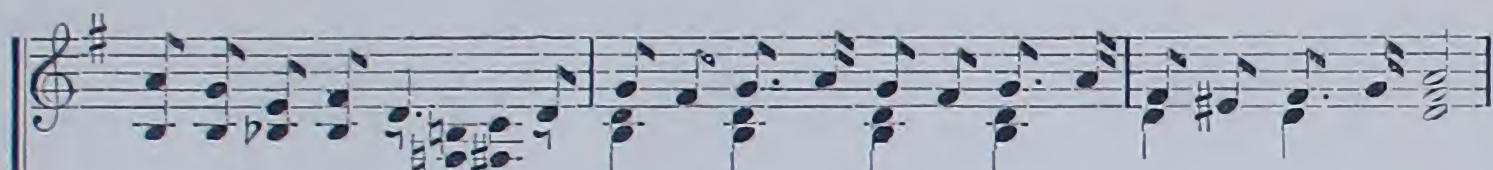
Slowly.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It begins with an 'INTRO.' section in 4/4 time, marked 'Slowly.' The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a gentle, wistful tune. The accompaniment provides a steady harmonic foundation with chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the melody, with two verses. The first verse is '1. When I was young, the' and the second is '2. When I was young, the'. The melody continues with the lyrics 'lit - tle folks were nev - er im - po - lite, Hoi - ty, toi - ty! Lack - a - day! You're lit - tle folks were handsome, strong, and bright, Hoi - ty, toi - ty! Lack - a - day! You're'. The score ends with a final chord in the bass clef.


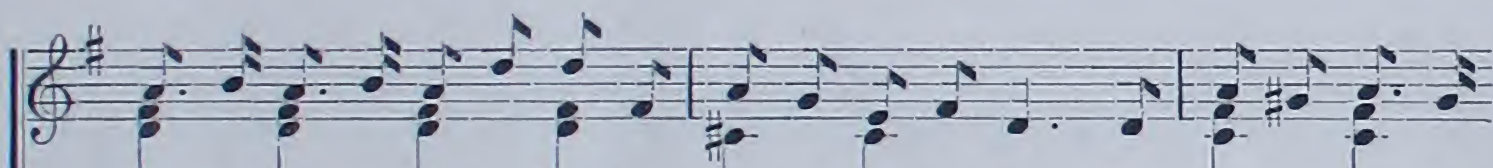
INTRO.

1. When I was young, the
2. When I was young, the


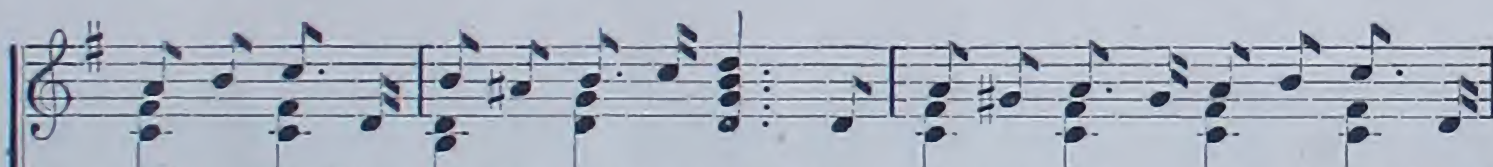
lit - tle folks were nev - er im - po - lite, Hoi - ty, toi - ty! Lack - a - day! You're
lit - tle folks were handsome, strong, and bright, Hoi - ty, toi - ty! Lack - a - day! You're





in a pret-ty plight! The boys were al - ways gen-tle-men, the girls were la - dies quite.
in a pret-ty plight! They nev-er look'd like liv-ing jokes or seaverons in a flight.


Hoi - ty toi - ty! Lack-a-day! You've put my wits to flight! They sat when they were
Hoi - ty toi - ty! Lack-a-day! You've put my wits to flight! Their hair was al - ways


told to sit, They rose when they were bid, And if their eld - ers nev-er spoke They'd
neatly comb'd, Their clothes were never muss'd, They nev - er got in fuss-es then, Be -


wait un - til they did. When I was young, the lit - tle folks were nev-er im-po- lite,
cause they nev-er fuss'd. When I was young, the lit - tle folks were handsome, strong and bright,



* REFRAIN. *Tempo di Valse.*



Hoi-ty toi-ty! Lack-a-day! Was ev - er such a sight! } I have to raise my
Hoi-ty toi-ty! Lack-a-day! Was ev - er such a sight! }



* Refrain is repeated by servants changing the word "I" to "she" and "my" to "her."

hands you see In hor - ri - fied sur - prise..... I have to turn my

(Does so.)

head be - cause I can't be - lieve my eyes..... I have to shake my

(Turns head from side to side.)

fin - ger say - ing, "Naught-y, naught-y, no !..... I have to point se -

(Shakes finger.)

vere - ly, meaning: "Off to bed you go!" I go.....

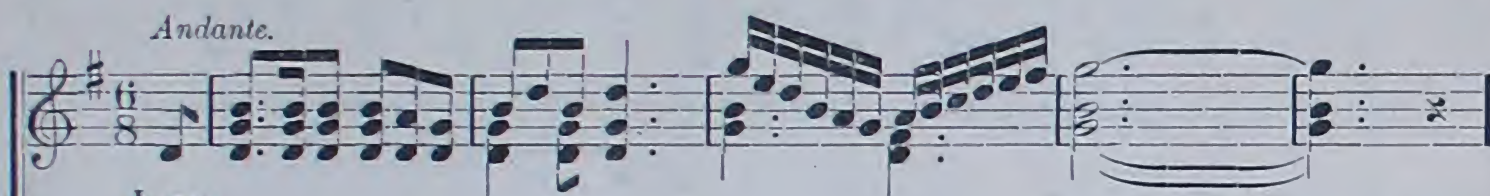
(Points to exit and stamps foot on "off.")

PRUDENCE.—Never mind, Grandma; I'll see if I can't get the Dream Fairies to come right away. They can do anything. Listen! I think I hear them now. (Fairies humming like bees, on a single note, flutter in, waving wands. They sing "Weaving a Spell." To act "The Spell," wands are clasped with both hands over head in first line, then dropped slowly to side as they bow on second line. On "turn left and right," they form an aisle from front to back of platform. They next shut eyes and count as words indicate, and on word "see" all point with raised wands toward back center, using inside hand. Helpers imitate Fairies when singing "The Spell" after second verse. During the singing of "The Spell," after the second verse, sleighbells are heard in the distance, becoming louder and louder. A voice calls out, "Whoa," and Kris comes bounding from back center into the fairy circle at the end of the singing.)

No. 11.

Weaving a Spell.

Andante.



INTRO.



FAIRIES.



1. Be - hold the Dream Fairies Are fly - ing to you, To bring you a dream That you
2. Now if you've been dreaming Of socks full of toys, Of box - es of sweets And of



rit.



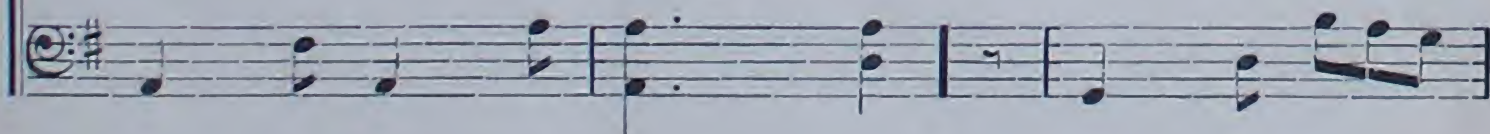
wish'd would come true. A won - der - ful fan - cy Too charm - ing to tell, But
dreams full of noise. The dream that we bring you Will an - swer quite well, So



The Spell.

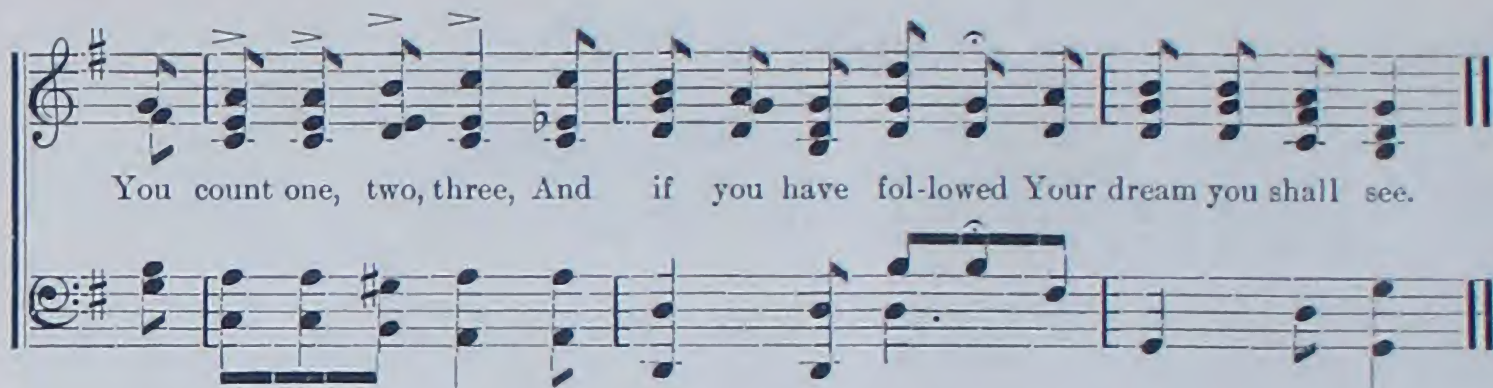


seen when we weave you A mag - i - cal spell. } So stand - ing just so You
bet - ter al - low us To weave you a spell. } (2d time All, following directions.)



bow ver - y low, Then turn left and right And shut your eyes tight, While slow as can be,





You count one, two, three, And if you have fol-lowed Your dream you shall see.

KRIS.—Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! I hope we'll all find each other just as jolly as ever. All you children got your stockings hung up, have you? Why, where are the rest of the children anyhow. (*He looks about.*) I thought there were more here.

GRANDMA (*advancing*).—Welcome, Old Kris! We're always glad to see you—if we can; but this year, I'm sorry to say, I have bad news for you. Some of the children are not presentable.

KRIS.—Not presentable?

GRANDMA.—No! The fact is, they became so curious over what they were going to receive at Christmas that they have all turned into curiosities.

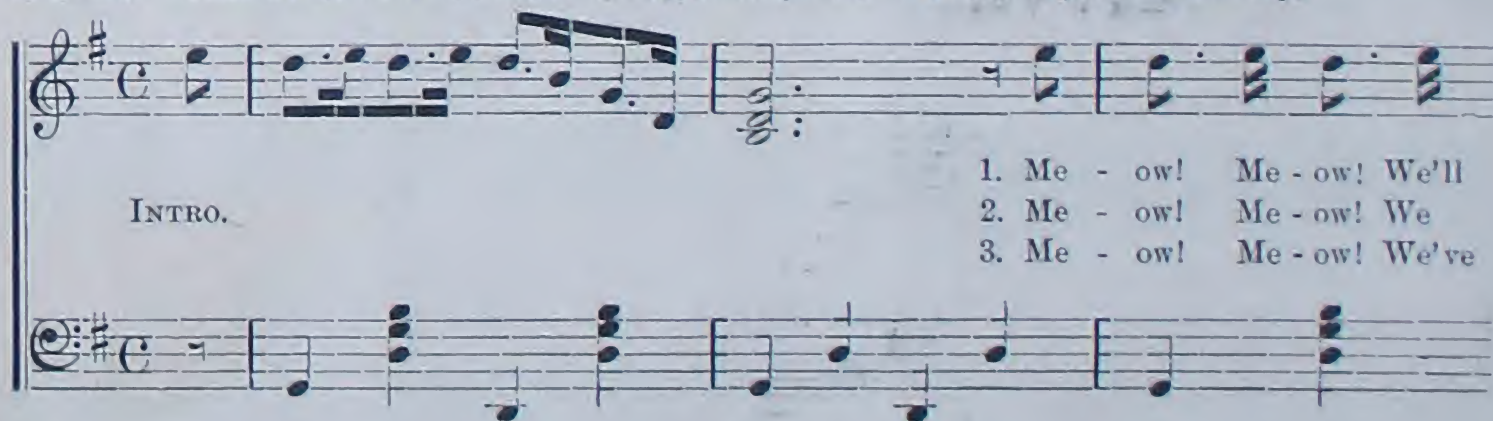
KRIS.—Ha! Ha! Ha! Curious were they? Why, that is just a slight disease that goes around among the children every Christmas. But the Fairies will cure them. They will just touch them with their wands and all will be right in an instant. Fly off now and bring the children back as fast as you can. Don't touch them too hard. (*Fairies wave wands, bow, and flutter off.*)

KRIS.—While we're waiting I will show you some new toys, just out this year, that I brought for a surprise. I think you'll like them. (*Calls.*) Here, Kitties! Here, Kitties! (*Enter the Educated Cats.*) (*Those on stage applaud the Cats. After song they stand to right.*)

No. 12.

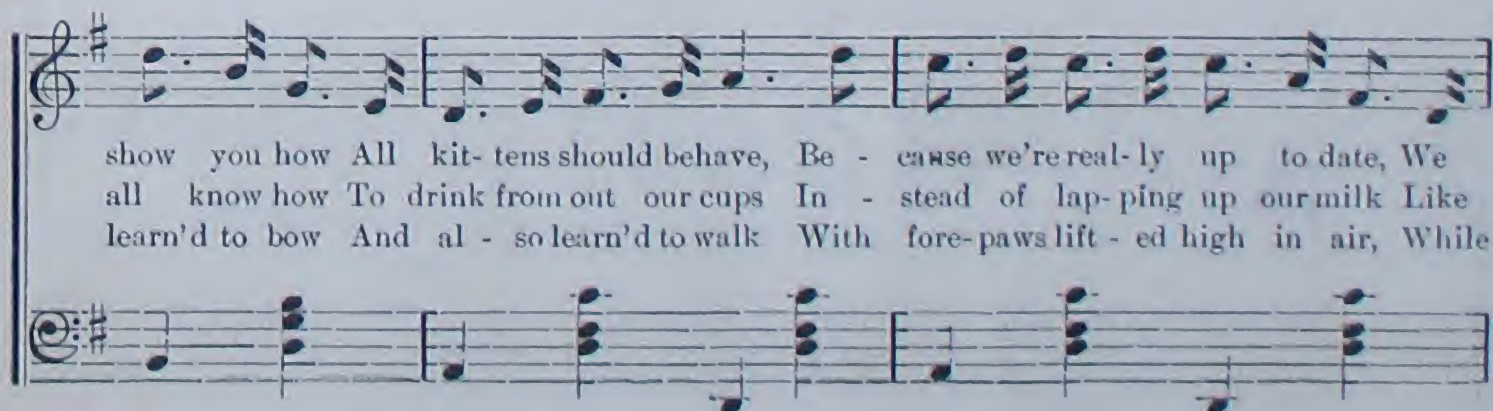
The Educated Cats.

(Six or eight children dressed in white canton flannel with tails of same stuffed with cotton attached at back. Head should be entirely covered with cap of same, eyes, nose and mouth alone showing. Ribbon and large bow should encircle neck. Pointed ears should be sewn on cap. Three whiskers should be drawn from each side of mouth. Children come in with a bouncing step, holding hands in a begging position, and sing.)



INTRO.

1. Me - ow! Me - ow! We'll
2. Me - ow! Me - ow! We
3. Me - ow! Me - ow! We've



show you how All kit-tens should behave, Be - cause we're real-ly up to date, We all know how To drink from out our cups In - stead of lap-ping up our milk Like learn'd to bow And al - so learn'd to walk With fore-paws lift - ed high in air, While

don't for-get to shave. We've stud-ied all the lat-est books For fash-ion-a-ble
com-mon cats and pups. Our man-ners at the ta-ble are The fin-est ev-er
on two legs we stalk. We know it won't be ver-y long, (And this is not a

cats And know the style in ev-'ry-thing, From man-ners to cra-vats.
seen, We wipe our whis-kers dain-ti-ly, And keep our fa-ces clean.
hoax,) When none will know we're cats at all, And then we'll pass for folks.

CHORUS.

So tune the fid-dle, Screw the bow, Strike the grand pi-a-no! For

all of us can war-ble, Ten-or, bass-so, or so-pra-no. We're

most ac-complished pus-sy cats, You sure-ly will al-low..... And

ev - 'ry night we sweet - ly sing (To be spoken.) Me - ow! Me - ow! Me - ow!.....

KRIS.—You'll now see something even more wonderful than the Cats. These are the very latest thing in Dolls. (*Dolls enter stiffly.*) We have to handle them very carefully, so they won't fall over or get broken. (*He winds them up, they sing, and are applauded. Kris places them to left at end of song.*)

No. 13. Talking Dolls.

(Small children dressed as dolls are carried or helped in. They are wound up before singing.)

INTRO.

DUET.

1. We're
2. Our

on - ly dolls of wood and rags, Of chi - na, and of wax, Our
lit - tle mouths are daubs of paint, Our eyes are made of glass, Our

hair is fas - ten'd on with glue, Be - cause it's made of flax. And
limbs and hair with pat - ent thread To us are serv'd, a - las! We

yet in Par - is whence we came They taught us how to walk, And
have no blood, or heart, or lungs, We're saw - dust thro' and thro', And

(Pronounced *par lay-voo.*)

there we learn'd to "par - lez - vous" Which means we learn'd to talk.
yet we learn'd to walk and talk As well, al - most, as you.

CHORUS. *Tempo di Gavotte.*

One, two, lift each shoe, Do not stop or balk.

Three, four, cross the floor; That's the way to walk!

Five, six, stiff as sticks, Touch the spring and say:

(To be spoken.)


"Pa - pa," "Mam - ma," "Pa - pa," "Mam - ma," Plain as day.

(Dolls move stiffly as if walking, on first four lines of Chorus. On last four lines spread out hands stiffly in front of body and press inward in jerks. "Papa" and "Mamma" should be spoken in imitation of dolls voices.)

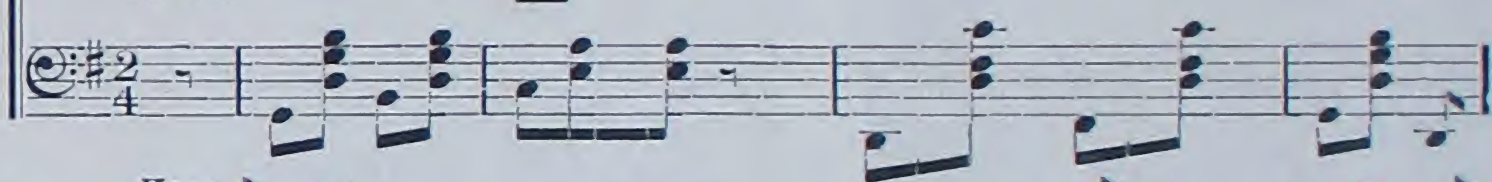
KRIS.—Well, I can't let Cats and Dolls get ahead of me. I'll have to sing for you, too, I suppose. (*Sings "I Got 'Em in My Pack."* At close, "Fairy Minuet" is played, while children, prettily dressed (white preferred) are driven in by Fairies, who use ropes of tinsel for lines and wands for whips. They gallop about till Kris says, "Whoa!"

No. 14. I've Got it in My Pack.

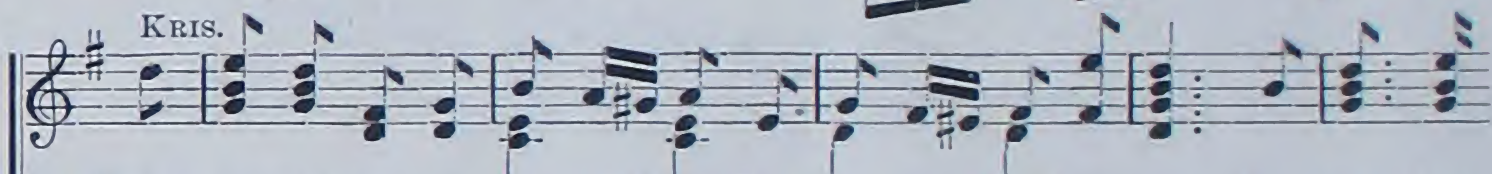
Moderato.



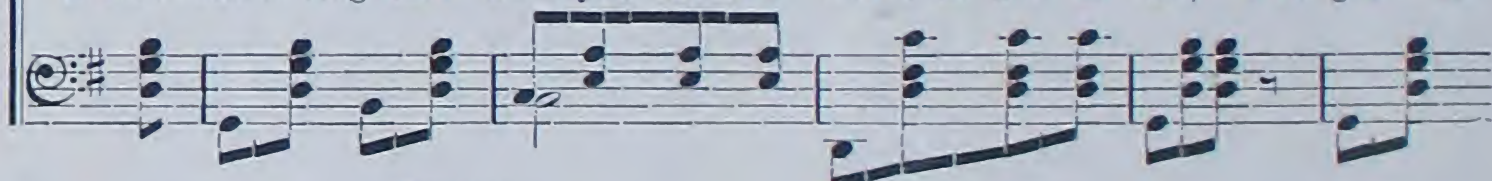
INTRO.



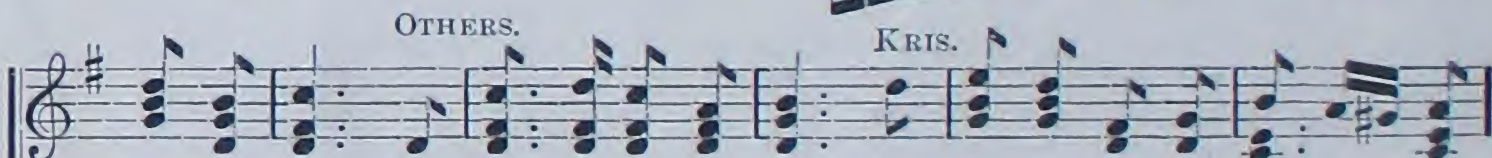
KRIS.



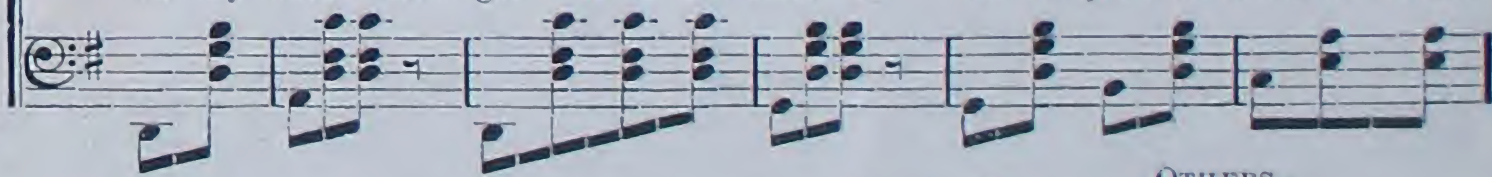
1. I've come with lots of pret - ty things That give you Christmas joys, I've got 'em
 2. If men would like a - er - o - planes To sail the a - zure thro', I've got 'em
 3. The la - dies ask for use - ful things With minds of different turn, I've got 'em
 - * 4. But real - ly I have brought the most For just the children's sake, I've got 'em
- (Presentation verse, to be used if needed.)
5. There's something else I know you all Are anx - ious now to see, I've got it



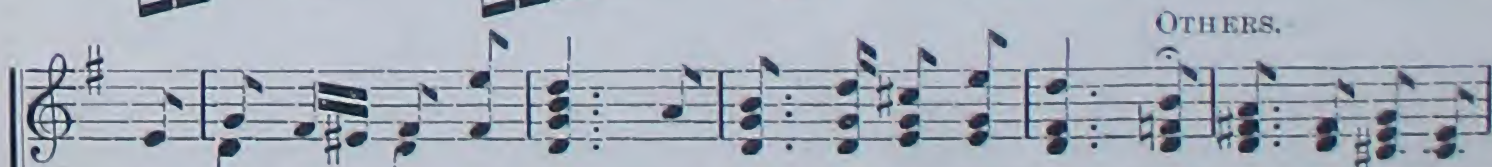
OTHERS. KRIS.



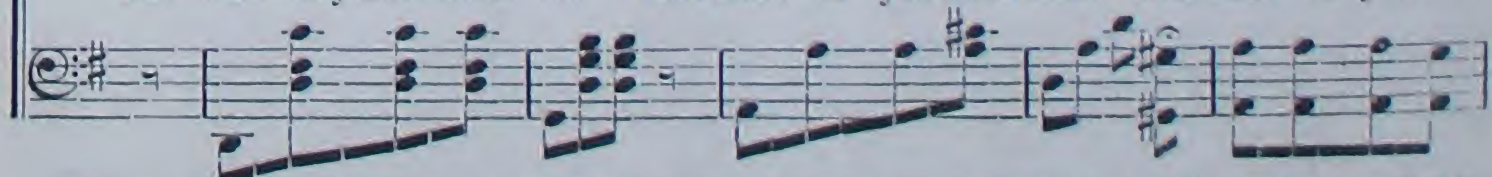
on my back! He's got 'em on his back! To please the old, the mid - dle aged,
on my back! He's got 'em on his back! But if I've not e - nough, per - haps,
on my back! He's got 'em on his back! They want their cookies "fire - less,"
in my pack! He's got 'em in his pack! I've watch - es guar - an - teed to go
on my back! He's got it on his back! A lit - tle joke of course be - tween



OTHERS.

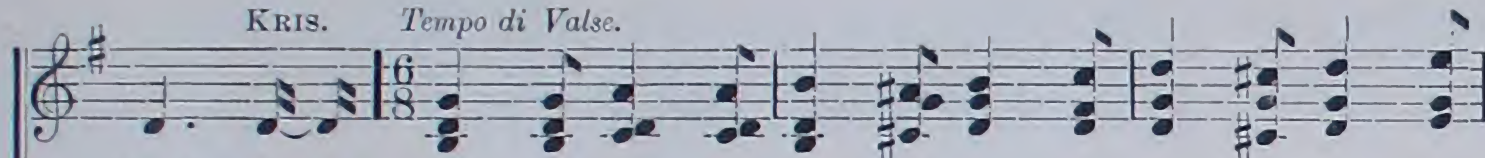


The lit - tle girls and boys That none of them shall lack. That none of them shall
Some tour - ing cars would do; For none of you shall lack! For none of you shall
Their i - rons not to burn. And none of them shall lack! And none of them shall
And dish - es not to break, For none of them shall lack! For none of them shall
The Sun - day School and me That none of you shall lack! That none of you shall

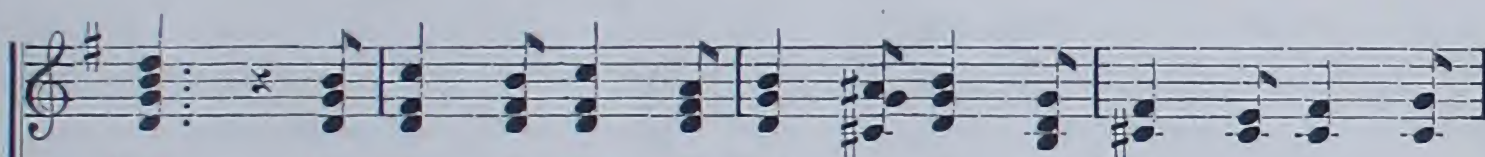
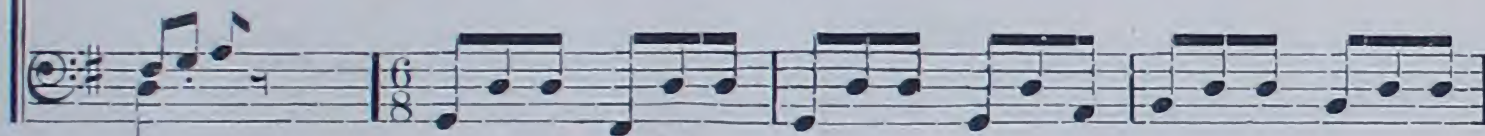


* Candy may be distributed at end of this verse if desired, changing phrase you'll "get it after while" to, "come help me spoil the pile."

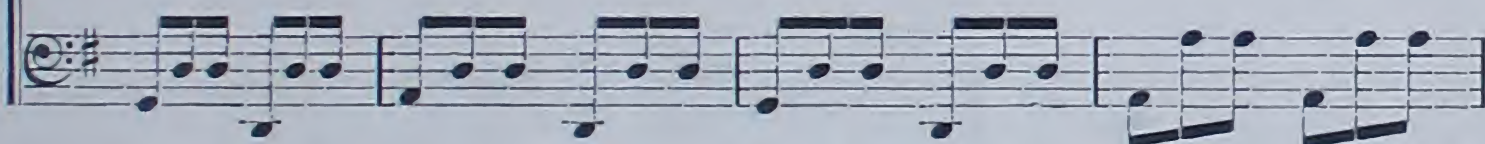
KRIS. *Tempo di Valse.*



lack! If you're wish - ing for a neck - tie or a wag - on or a
 lack! Their gear of course is per - fect, and they're safe be - yond a
 lack! But young things want en - gage - ment rings, one ask'd me for a
 lack! I've tops and ships and mar - bles and I've dolls of ev - 'ry
 lack! I'll show you in a mo - ment, there's no rea - son for de -



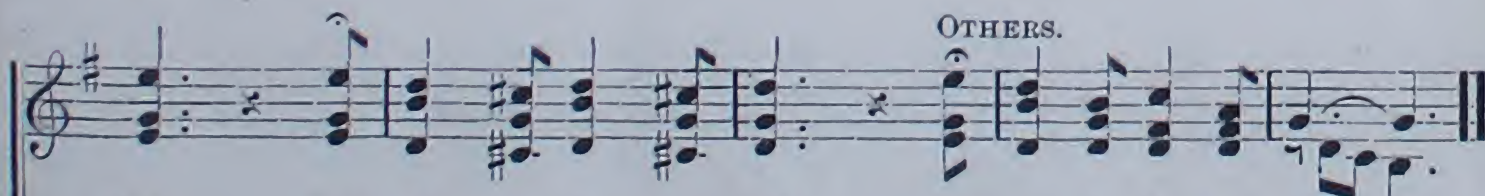
book, A gram - o-phone, a hat - pin, or a fish - ing line and
 doubt, The kind that is - n't "crank - y" and are quick - ly turn'd a -
 beau, I pleas'd her af - ter scour - ing the coun - try high and
 style, [I've No - ah's arks and fai - ry tales and sol - diers by the
 lay, But first I'll ask our min - is - ter to kind - ly step this



hook,..... I think I can sup - ply most an - y - thing for which you
 bout,..... Whose tirsers nev - er punc - ture, nor whose gas - o - line runs
 low,..... But do not be mis - led, 'twas for her win - ter hat you
 mile,..... And can - dy too for ev - 'ry one, you'll get it af - ter
 way,..... You see, I've brought a gift for him whose deeds we can't re -

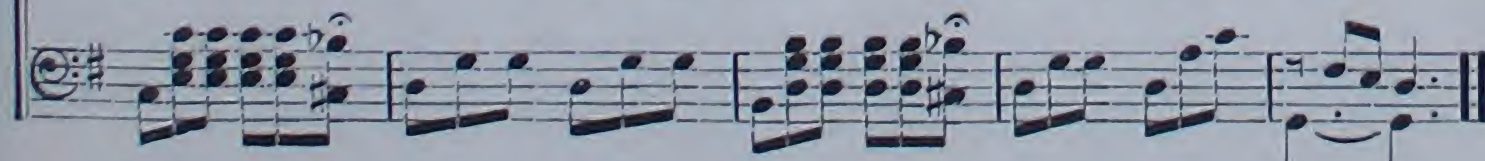


p.



OTHERS.

look;	I've got	it in	my pack!	He's got	it in	his pack!
out,	I've got	it in	my pack!	He's got	it in	his pack!
know,	I've got	it in	my pack!	He's got	it in	his pack!
while,	I've got	it in	my pack!	He's got	it in	his pack!
pay,	I've got	it in	my pack!	He's got	it in	his pack!



(Entrance of Fairies and Children.)

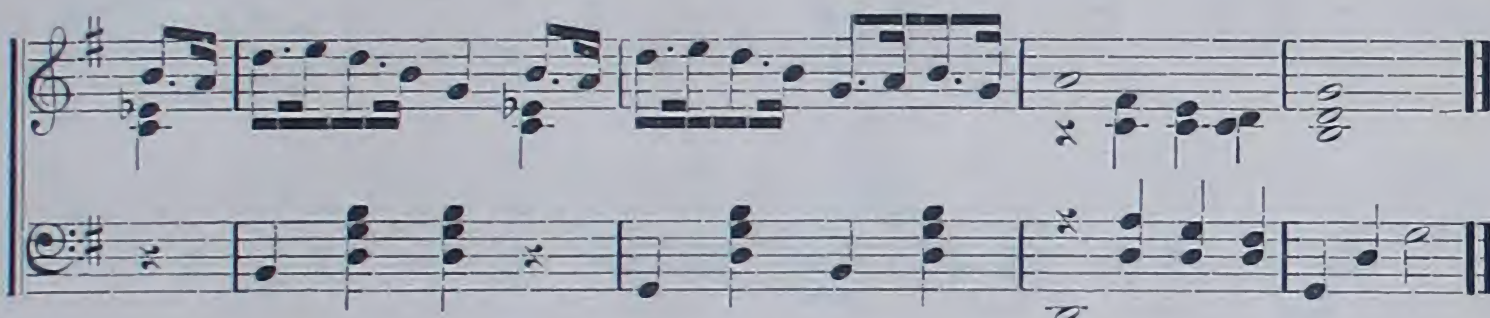
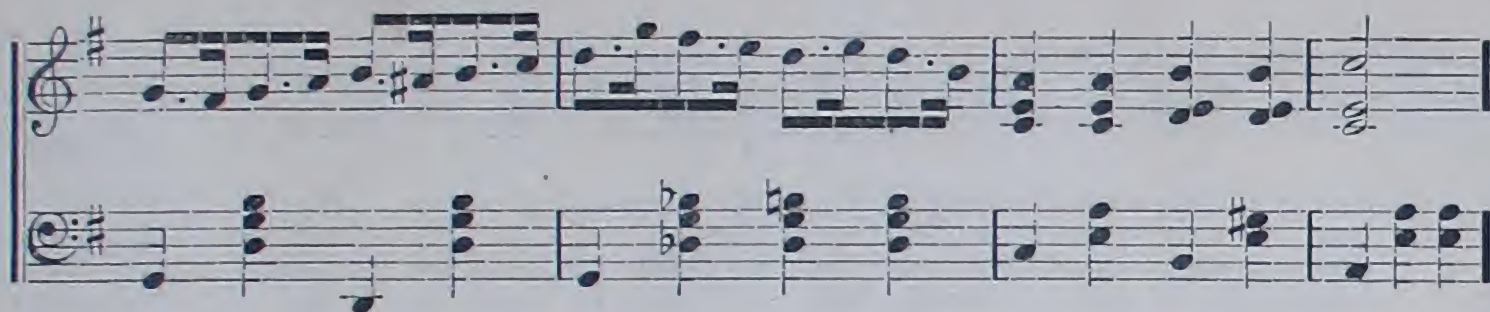
Entre Act Gavotte.

Two systems of musical notation for the 'Entre Act Gavotte'. Each system consists of a treble and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The first system contains the first two measures. The second system contains measures 3 through 6, with a first ending bracket over measures 5 and 6. The third system contains measures 7 through 10, with a second ending bracket over measures 9 and 10, and the word 'FINE.' at the end of the system.

No. 15.

Fairy Minuet.

Two systems of musical notation for the 'Fairy Minuet'. Each system consists of a treble and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system contains the first four measures. The second system contains measures 5 through 8.

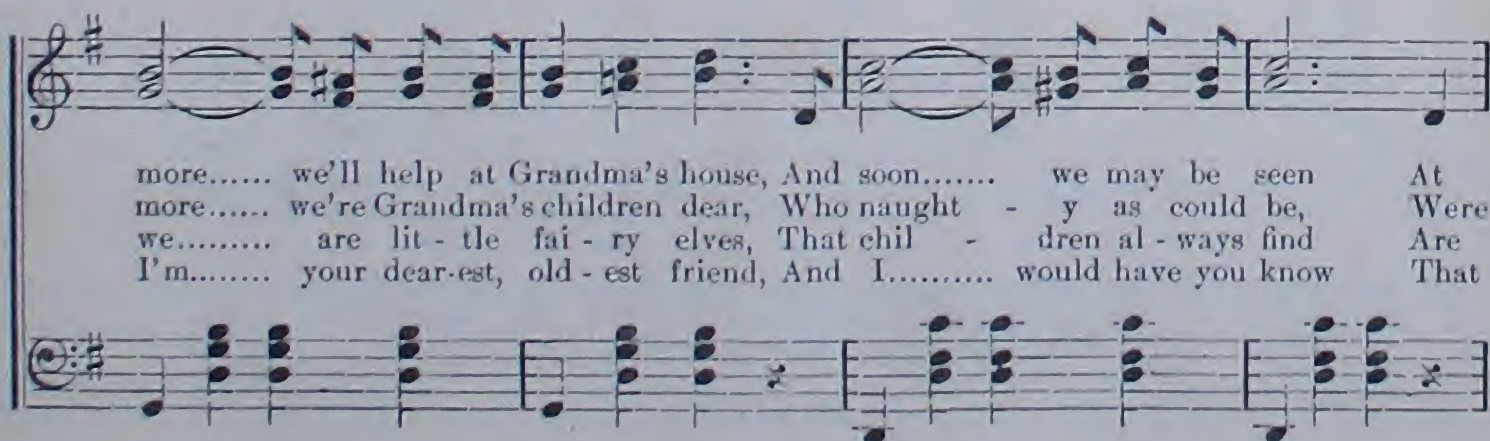
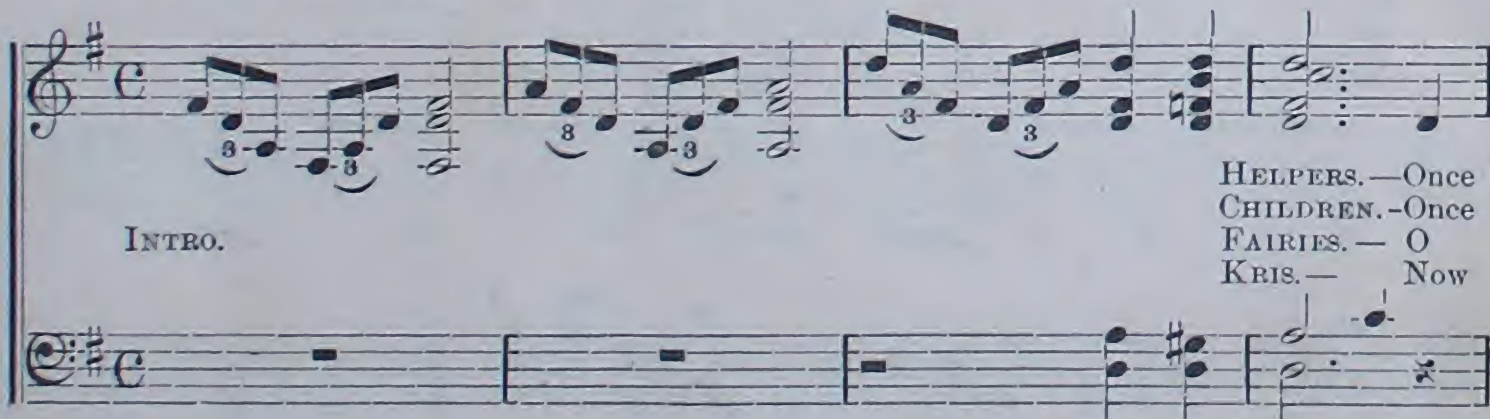


KRIS.—Whoa! Whoa! Here you are, safe and sound and prettier than ever. I knew the Fairies could fix you straight again. And now, Grandma, I hope you and your household will forgive these busybodies. Will you?

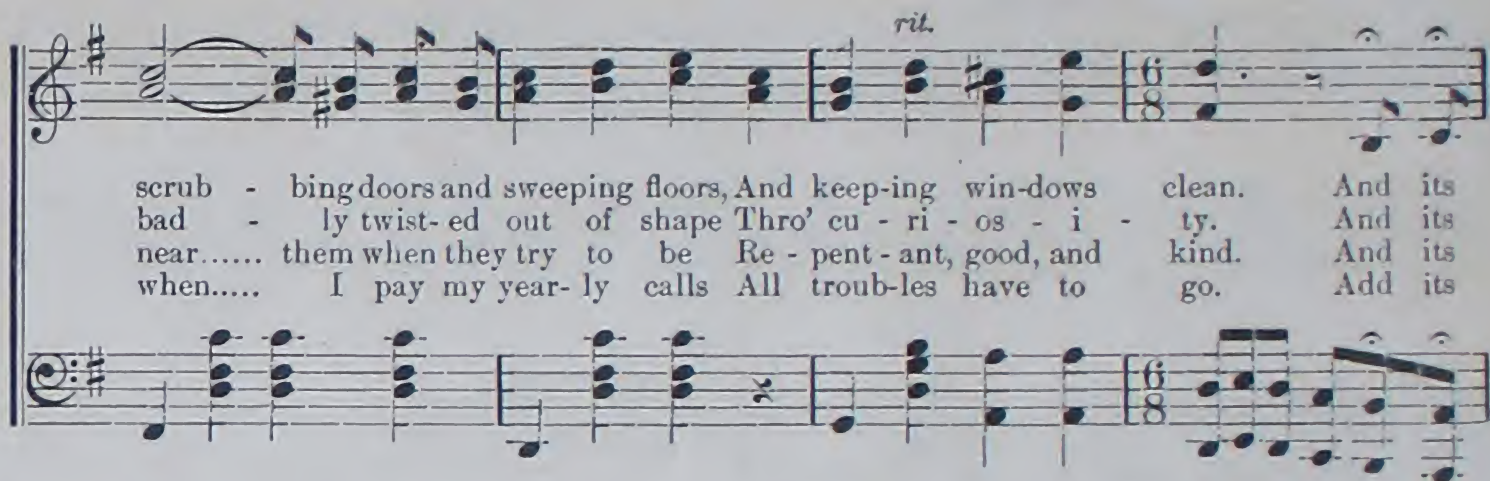
GRANDMA AND HELPERS.—We will! We will!

(Final song is now sung, each group taking front in turn. Helpers retire by dividing to right and left, standing on opposite sides of platform. Children sit on floor front. Fairies kneel back of children. Kris, Grandma and Prudence stand center, surrounded by Cats and Dolls. The chorus of "Good Children's Dream" may be sung ad lib in conclusion.)

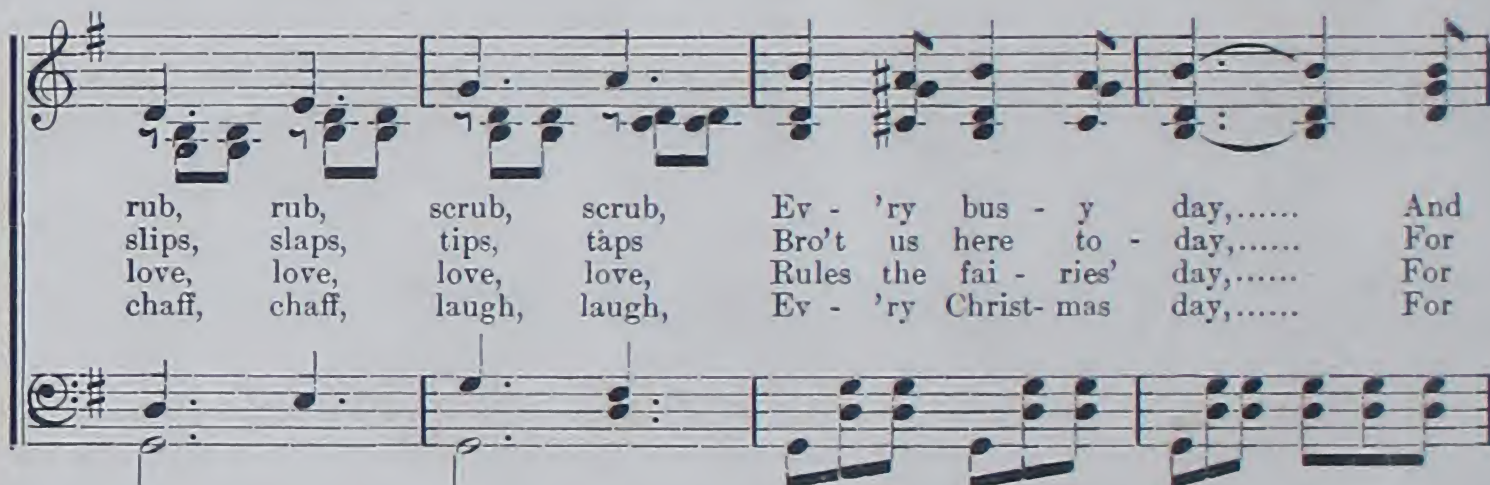
No. 16. Ensemble—Scrub! Puff! Laugh!



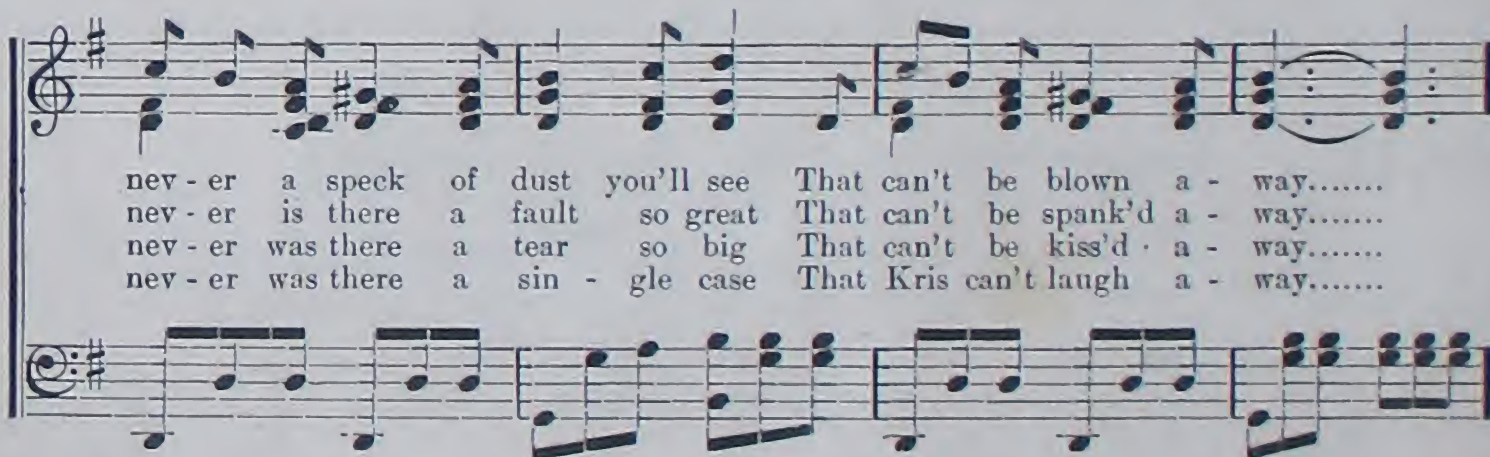
rit.



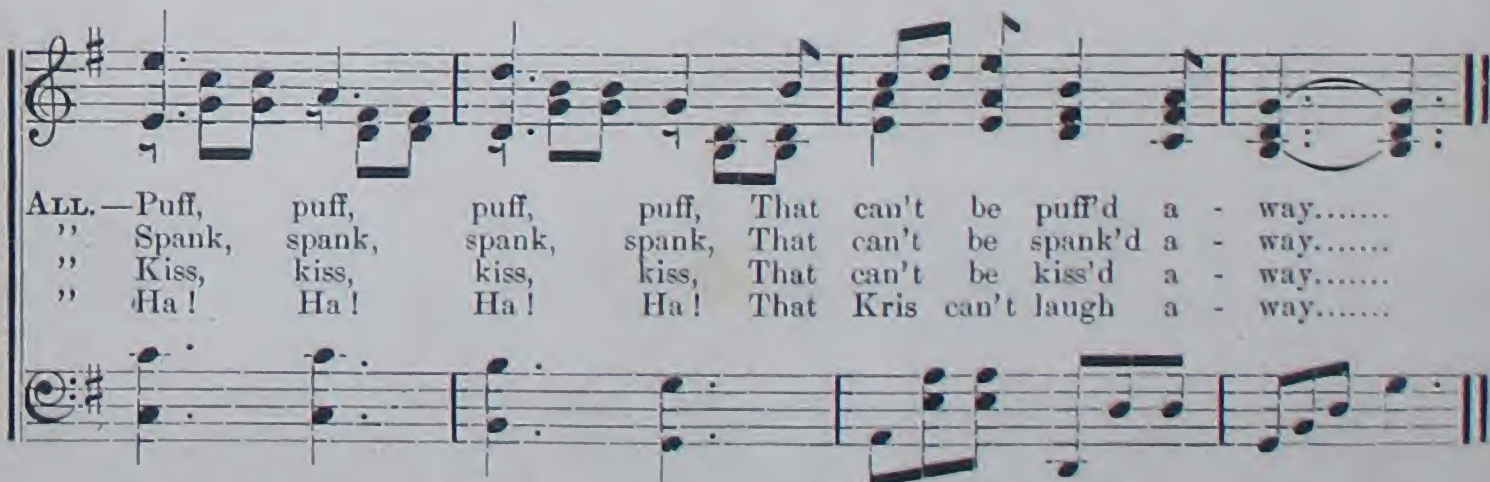
scrub - bing doors and sweeping floors, And keep - ing win - dows clean. And its
 bad - ly twist - ed out of shape Thro' cu - ri - os - i - ty. And its
 near..... them when they try to be Re - pent - ant, good, and kind. And its
 when..... I pay my year - ly calls All troub - les have to go. Add its



rub, rub, scrub, scrub, Ev - 'ry bus - y day,..... And
 slips, slaps, tips, taps Bro't us here to - day,..... For
 love, love, love, love, Rules the fai - ries' day,..... For
 chaff, chaff, laugh, laugh, Ev - 'ry Christ - mas day,..... For



nev - er a speck of dust you'll see That can't be blown a - way.....
 nev - er is there a fault so great That can't be spank'd a - way.....
 nev - er was there a tear so big That can't be kiss'd a - way.....
 nev - er was there a sin - gle case That Kris can't laugh a - way.....



ALL. — Puff, puff, puff, puff, That can't be puff'd a - way.....
 " Spank, spank, spank, spank, That can't be spank'd a - way.....
 " Kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, That can't be kiss'd a - way.....
 " Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! That Kris can't laugh a - way.....

On lines marked "All" action should suit each word. For example, in first stanza instead of singing, blow four "puffs" with mouth. In second stanza give imitation of spanking by clapping hands, on third make kissing sound, throwing kisses with finger tips. Last stanza, all laugh.

(CURTAIN.)

